



No.57

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



FEB.



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10¢



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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER TWELVE

SUPERMAN. By George Lowther. Based on the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.

The whole story of Superman—of his rocketing to earth in a space ship from the burning planet Krypton; of his boyhood discovery of his strange super-powers; and of his thrilling adventures with enemy submarines and saboteurs off the Atlantic coast.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE. By Rosamond Van Der Zee Marshall.

The thrilling story of how a secret band of courageous Dutch men and women worked and fought to free their country of a vicious and power-mad foreign oppressor—in 1574—and how their courage in the face of fearful odds won their country's freedom. This could happen today!

AUGUSTUS HELPS THE NAVY. By LeGrand.

Here's Augustus again! In this story, with his new friend, Tom, his adventures on the Maine coast lead him straight to a couple of German submarines—which he bottles up for the Navy.

WAY DOWN CELLAR. By Phil Stong. Pictures by Kurt Wiese.

A secret, underground tunnel is a discovery that gives a group of boys enough fun and excitement to interfere with their football—and to keep the whole population of a small Connecticut town in a state of jitters.

HOW STORMALONG CAPTURED MOCHA DICK. By Irwin Shapiro. Pictures by Donald McKay.

This is a tall tale, and a salty one at that—of the giant sailor, Stormalong, and how he turned cowboy and rode bareback on the great white whale. The pictures are exciting and funny—one on every page.

SNOW TREASURE. By Marie McSwiggin.

Pictures by Mary Reardon.

A breathless story of a group of courageous Norwegian children who risked their lives to smuggle nine million dollars in gold past the very noses of the German sentries to safekeeping in America. The story is based on an actual happening.

FOR OLDER READERS

SUPERMAN. By George Lowther. Based on the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.

"I HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT." By Commander Edward Ellsberg. Pictures by Gerald Foster.

The story of a young boy of Nantucket who followed the daring Captain John Paul Jones in desperate fighting at sea in America's Revolutionary War. It is a book ringing with courage, bloodshed, patriotism and eventual victory.

SOS RADIO PATROL. By William Heyliger.

Camping on an island in Lazy River, four radio patrol scouts find themselves suddenly threatened by storm and flood. How, by quick thinking and swift action, they save themselves and rescue a stranded family as well, makes a story packed with thrills and adventure.

KIT CARSON: TRAIL BLAZER. By Shannon Zarst.

Pictures by Harry Daugherty.

A rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and wild beasts, taught Kit Carson all the things he needed to know as a frontier guide and scout. Tales of his exploits make a true boys' hero.

ALL-AMERICAN. By John R. Tunis.

A thrilling football story—but more than that—a story of boys of all races and kinds working together and "playing ball" in the true democracy of a great high school.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

NOUV CPF HQWPF EQNWOPU QH VQMKQ PGYURCRGTU CTG
ETQYFGE GXCTA VKOG CP COGKPE DWAU C DQPF, VJG
LCRU NQUG HCEG!

SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

?

THE PRANKSTER IS BACK! IN RESPONSE TO POPULAR REQUEST, WE LIFT THE CURTAIN ONCE AGAIN UPON ANOTHER CLASH BETWEEN THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW AND THE ROLICKING ROGUE. AS IS TO BE EXPECTED, THE MIRTHFUL MALCREANT IS ONCE AGAIN EMBARKED ON A PROJECT OF HUGE, IF ZANY, PROPORTIONS. BUT THIS TIME, THE PRANKSTER CLAIMS HE IS IN POSSESSION OF THE SECRET OF SUPERMAN'S VULNERABILITY. IS THIS JUST ANOTHER OF THE COMEDY KING'S GIGANTIC BLUFFS? OR IS THE MAN OF STEEL REALLY ON THE SPOT? FOR THE ANSWER, READ EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS IN....
"CRIME'S COMEDY KING!"



IN THE SWANK APARTMENT OF "KING" RUGGLES, RACKETEER, GAITY FILLS THE AIR... FOR THE MOB HAS GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE CRIME BIG SHOT'S BIRTHDAY...



HERE'S ANOTHER GIFT JUST CAME FER YA, BOSS.

DON'T HEAR ANY TICKING. I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO OPEN THE PACKAGE.

THAT'S ODD. ANOTHER BOX!

OPEN IT, CHIEF!

LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE.

THERE IS ANOTHER BOX INSIDE, AND ANOTHER BOX INSIDE THAT ONE. AND MANY OTHERS, EACH ONE SMALLER THAN THE PRECEDING ONE!

I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' SOMEONE IS TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A SAP! IF HE'S ONE OF YOU GUYS, IT'S YOUR LAST PRACTICAL JOKE!



YII-IIE!!

A JACK-IN THE BOX!



NO ONE'S LEAVING UNTIL I LEARN WHO SENT THAT INFERNAL TOY TO ME! AND WHEN I FIND OUT...

THAT HEAD-- IT'S THE PRANKSTER

AND A NOTE IN TH' BOX!



"IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO TRADE \$100,000 FOR A MILLION DOLLARS, YOU WILL FIND ME WAITING IN YOUR STUDY. IT'S SIGNED, 'THE PRANKSTER'!"



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT MADMAN FOR YOU, CHIEF!

NO, RED. I'LL ATTEND TO HIM MYSELF.



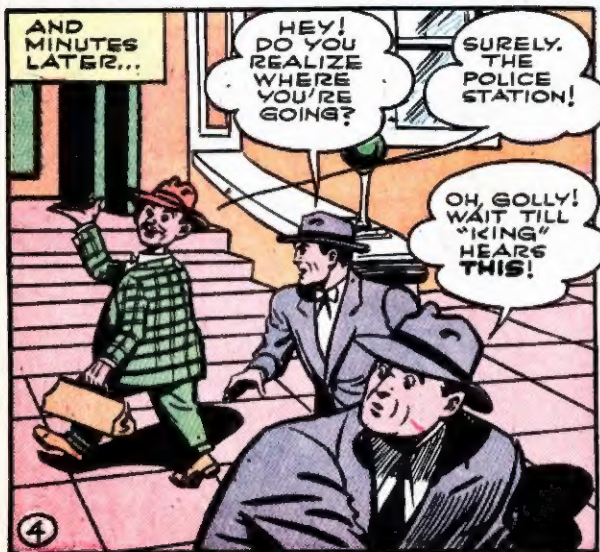
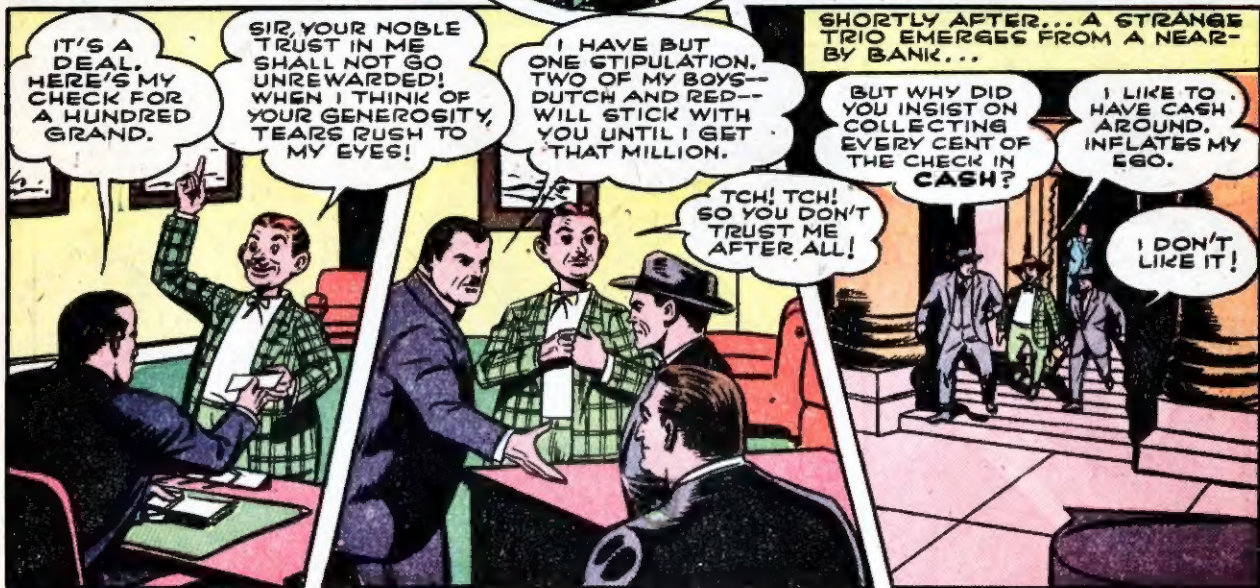
SECONDS LATER... AS THE RACKETEER ENTERS HIS STUDY....

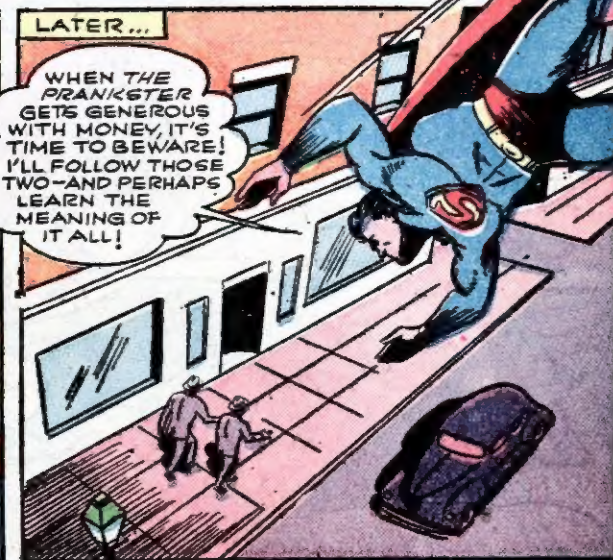
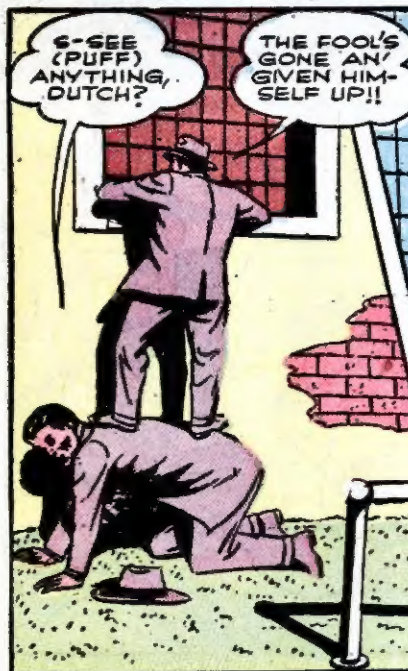
BOO!!

HEY--!??!









AN' THEN THE
SAP DONATED
\$50,000 OF
YOUR MONEY TO
THE SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF
CRUELTY TO
OSTRICHES!

YOU
BLUNDER-
ING
FOOLS!
YOU'LL
PAY FOR
THIS!

**(THERE'LL
BE NO
SHOOTING--
JUST YET!)**

GRAB
HIM,
BOYS!

IT'S
SUPERMAN!

YOU'RE GOING TO TELL
ME JUST WHAT SCHEME
THE PRANKSTER HAS
UP HIS SLEEVE!

I CAN'T
BUDGE
HIM!

THIS DOES HURT ME MORE THAN IT HURTS HIM!

YOU
BOTHER
ME!

UGH!

THUD

**NOW, WILL
YOU TELL ME?**

**HONEST!
I DON'T
KNOW!**

**SECONDS AFTER
SUPERMAN DEPARTS...**

WHEW!
GOOD THING
SUPERMAN
BELIEVED YOU,
BOSS!

FINE THING!
NOT ONLY DO I
STAND TO LOSE
A HUNDRED
GRAND, BUT I
GET A GOING
OVER FROM THE
TOUGHEST GUY
ON EARTH!

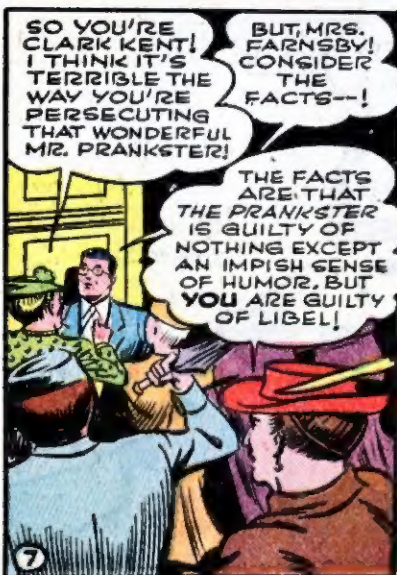
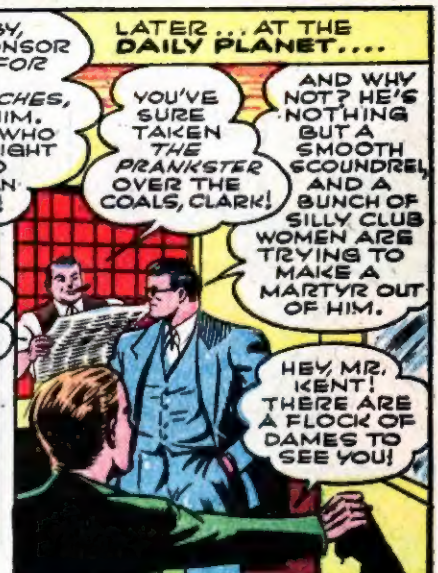
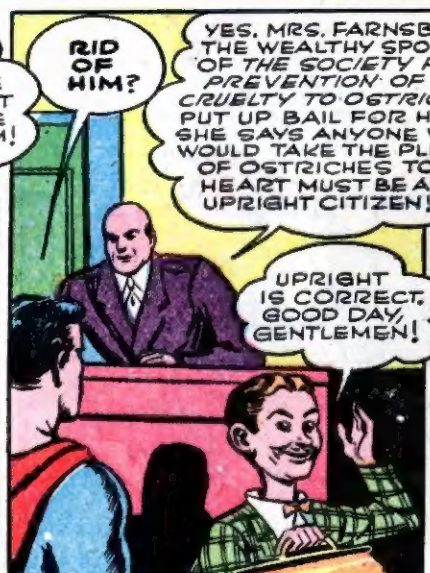
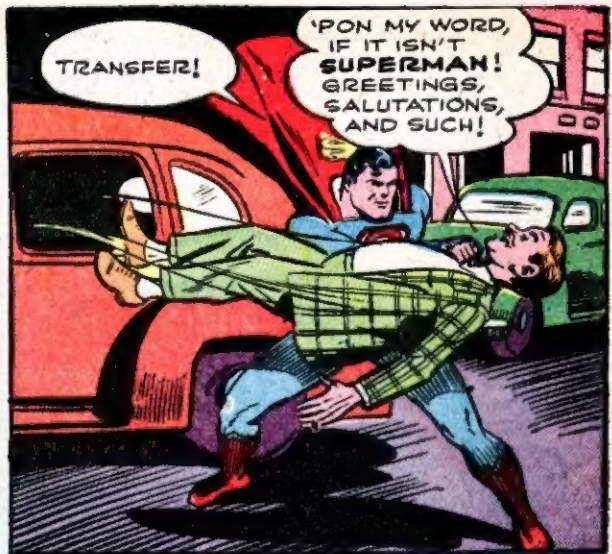
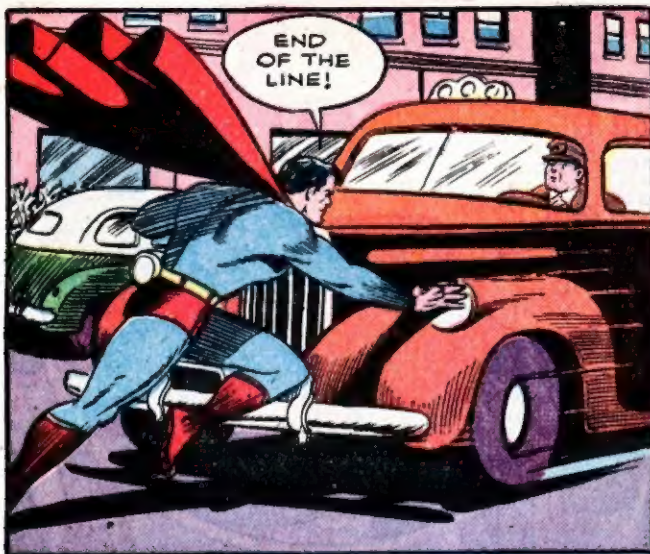
PERHAPS
THIS WILL
REFRESH
YOUR
MEMORY!

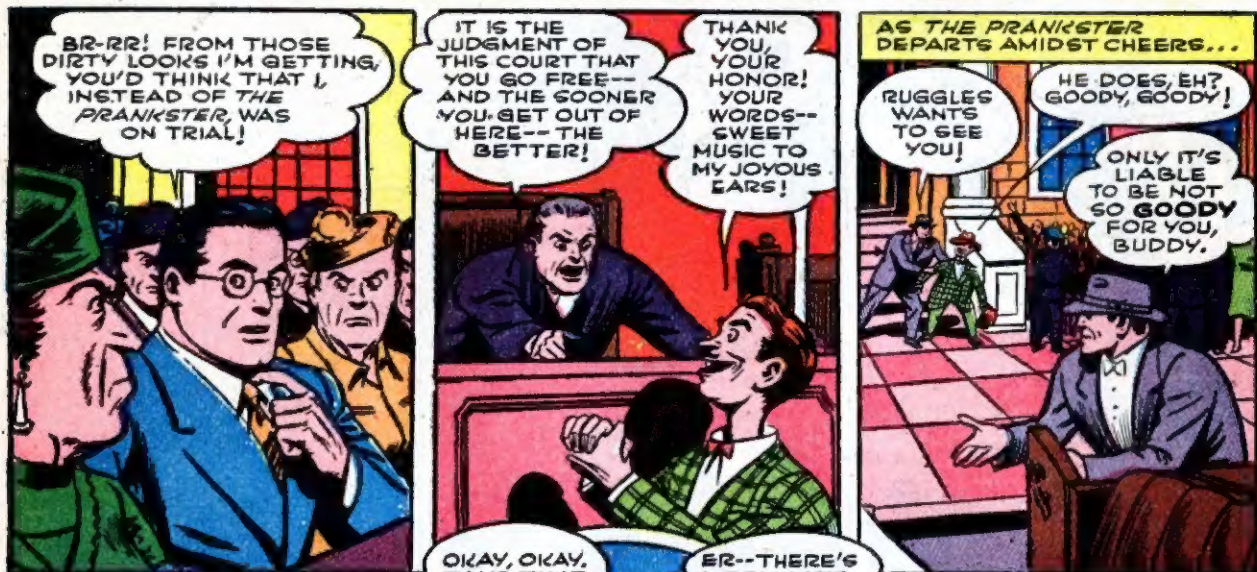
**STOP IT!
STOP IT!!**

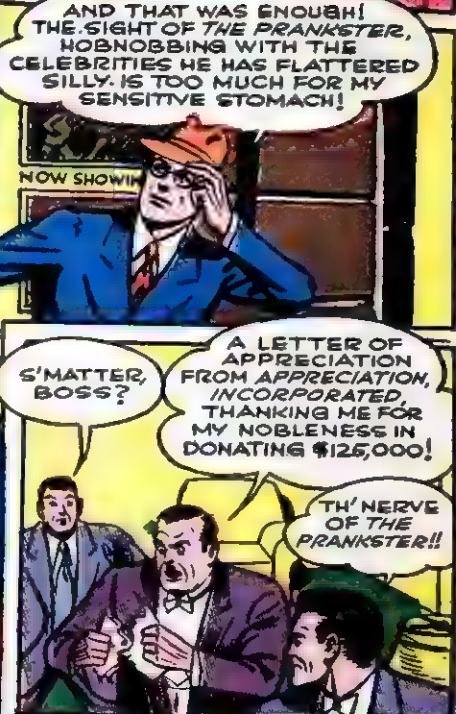
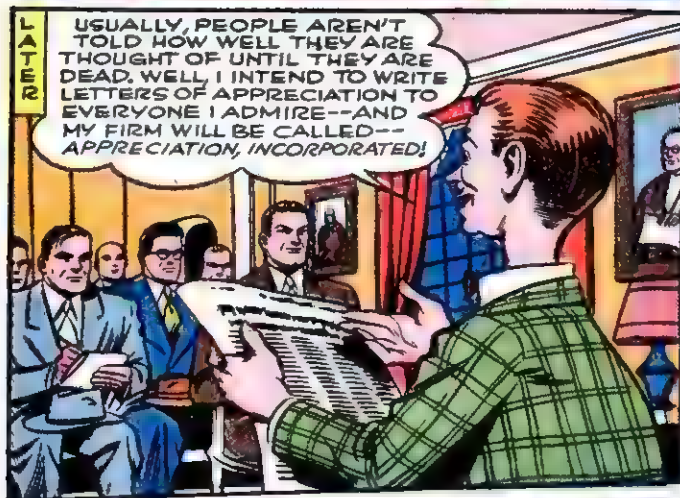
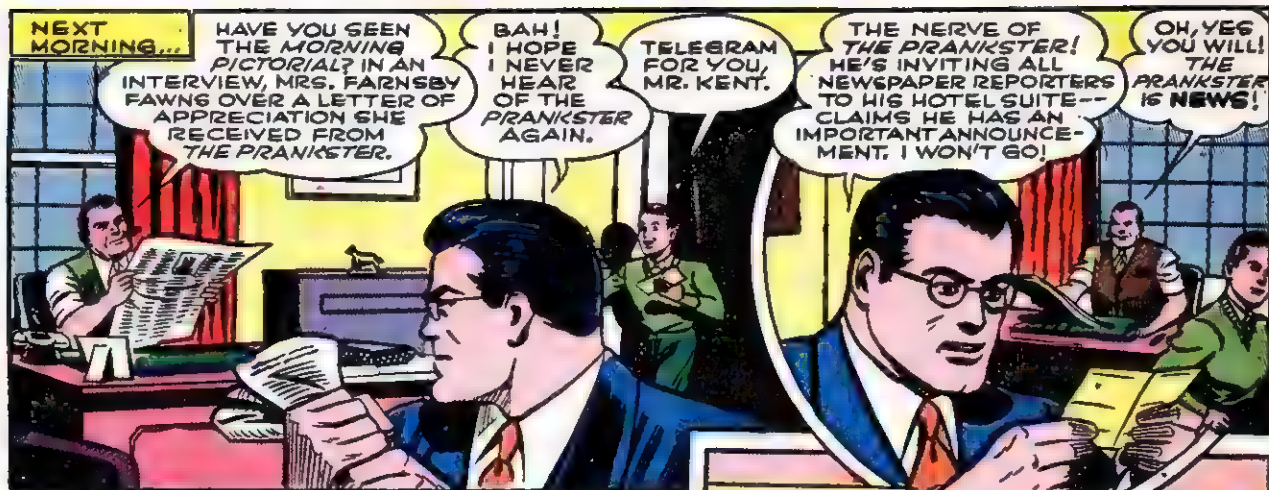
MR-EST-10

THE PRANKSTER--
LEAVING THE JAIL'S
REAR--ENTERING
A TAXI! MUST BE
A JAIL-BREAK!

HEY!







STARTLING NEWS DEVELOPMENTS CROWD THE PRANKSTER OFF THE FRONT PAGE....

DAILY PLANET
MOVIE ACTOR ROBBED
 SENTINEL NEWS
MAYOR'S MANSION LOOTED
 MONITOR
SOCIALITE ROBBED OF JEWELS
COUNT CONKED BY CROOKS
STAR OF RANGOON STOLEN
 DAILY CHRONICLE

CLARK VISITS THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE MANY ROBBERIES.

WHAT WORRIES ME MORE THAN MY ART OBJECTS HAVING BEEN STOLEN IS HOW ANYONE COULD HAVE PICKED THE LOCK TO MY HOUSE. THE MANUFACTURERS ASSURED ME SUCH A THING WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

LOIS--I'VE AN INVITATION TO THE DEBUT OF VAN WAKELY'S DAUGHTER. IT OUGHT TO BE A REALLY OPULENT AFFAIR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?

I'D LOVE IT!

THAT EVENING....

'PON MY WORD, IF IT ISN'T MY BOSOM COMRADE, CLARK KENT!

THE PRANKSTER!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

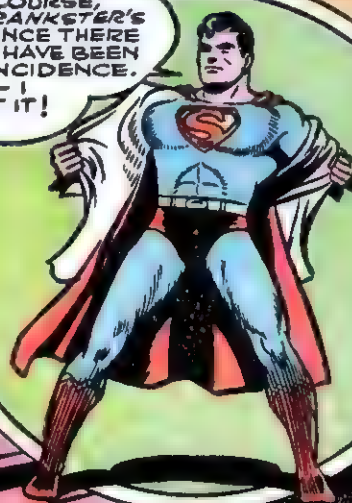
WHAT A DATE! FIRST YOU TELL ME WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME I'M GOING TO HAVE, THEN BEFORE I CAN EVEN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE SURROUNDINGS, YOU YANK ME OUT!

I REFUSE TO STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WITH THAT BUFFOON!

NEXT DAY...

VAN WAKELY'S HOME WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT! HM-MM, I WONDER...?

OF COURSE, THE PRANKSTER'S PRESENCE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A COINCIDENCE. BUT-- I DOUBT IT!



SHORTLY BEFORE... AS THE PRANKSTER HAD DEPARTED FROM HIS OFFICE BUILDING...!

AND SOON AFTER....

JUST A MINUTE, YOU'RE GOING WITH US!

THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!

WHAT A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO PAY HIM A VISIT OF MY OWN ACCORD!

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE YOU FOR A LONG TIME, YOU, LITTLE PIPSQUEAK! DO YOU REALIZE SUPERMAN BROKE IN HERE AND MANHANDLED ME AND TH' BOYS?

MOST REGRETTABLE, BUT SUPERMAN DOESN'T BOTHER ME BECAUSE I KNOW THE SECRET OF HIS VULNERABILITY!

YOU CAN PUT THAT GUN AWAY, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE MILLION, RIGHT HERE IN THIS BAG!

I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A SAP OUT OF ME! A MILLION FOR A HUNDRED GRAND! BOY, WAS I DUMB!

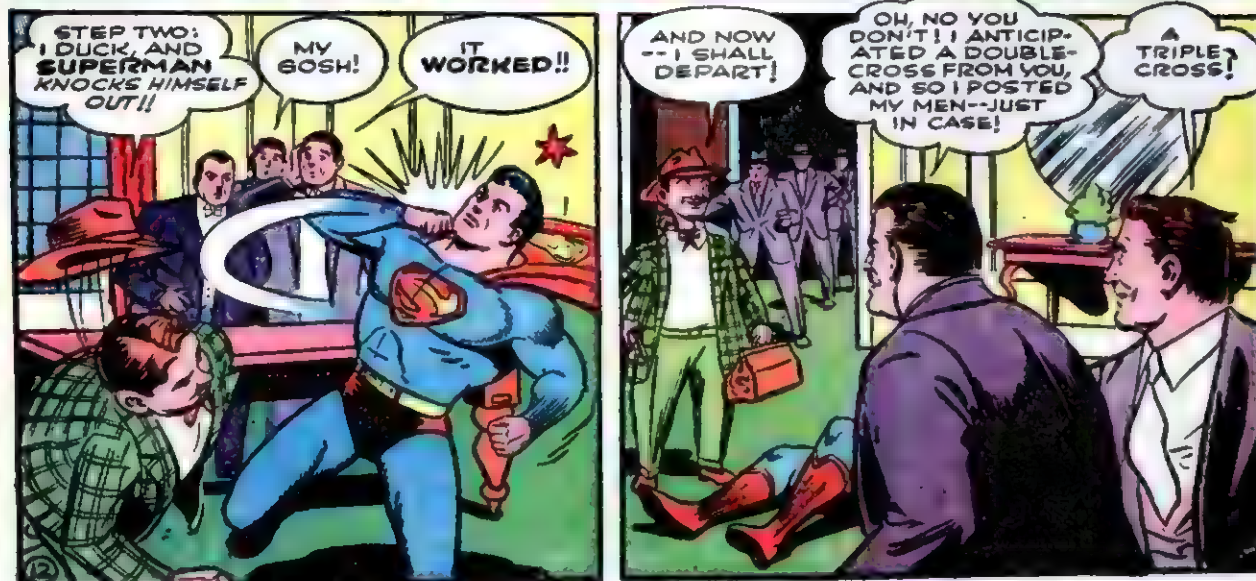
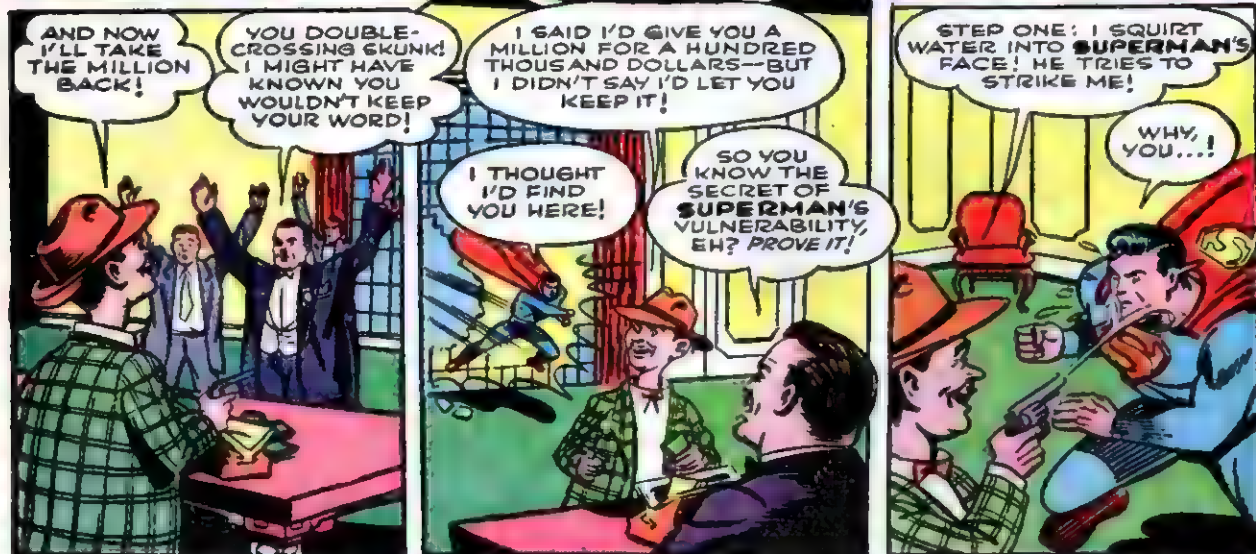
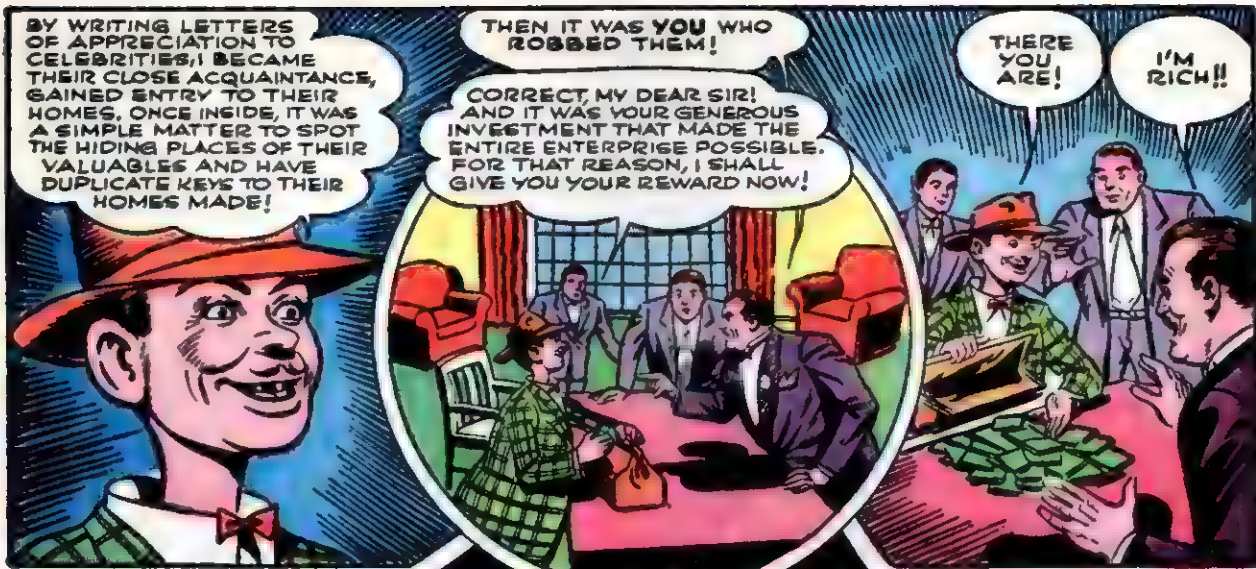
YOU MEAN--YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME THE MILLION NOW? BUT--HOW DID YOU GET IT??!

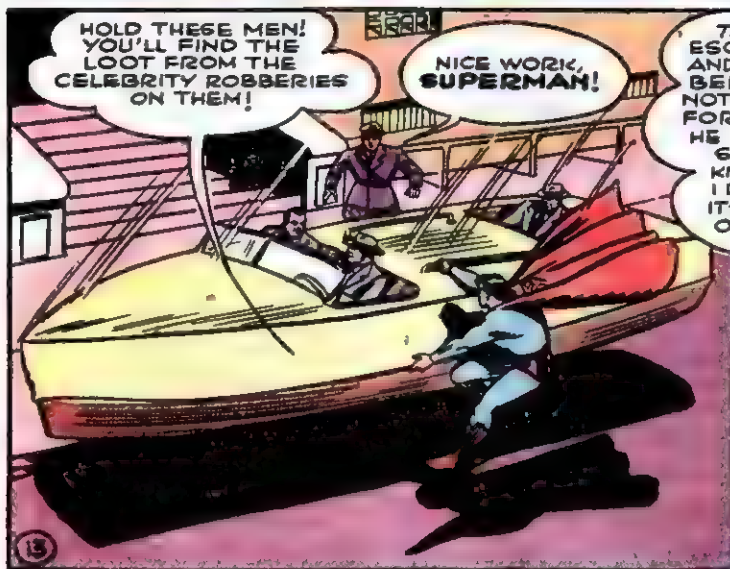
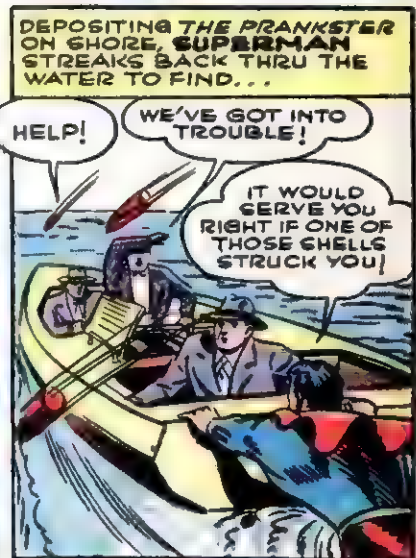
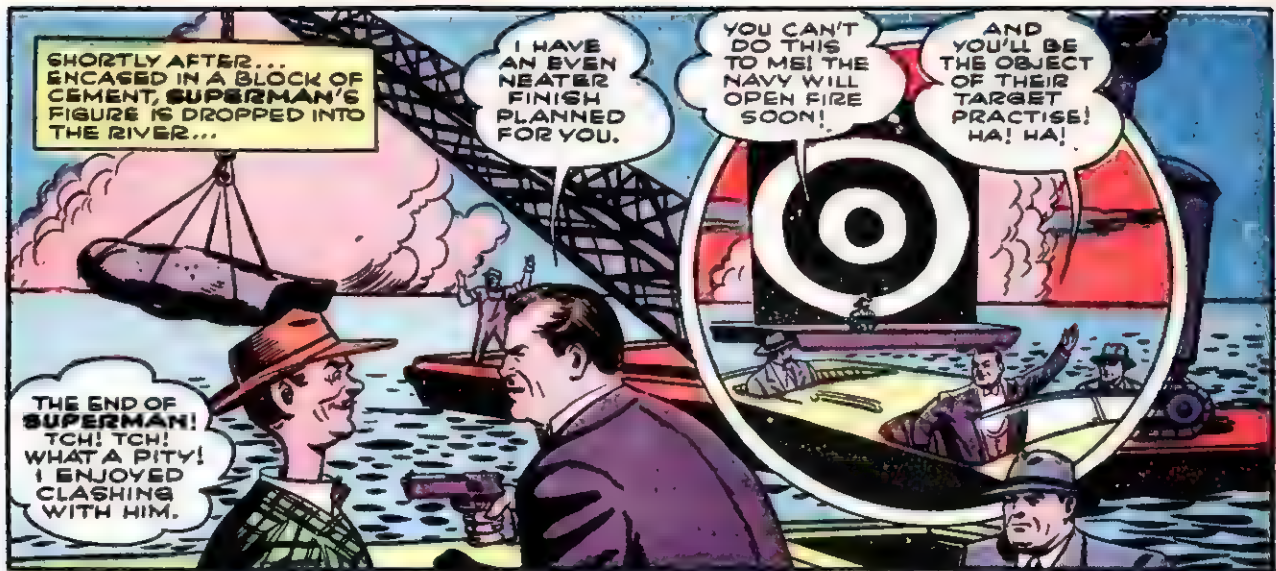
I'LL EXPLAIN.

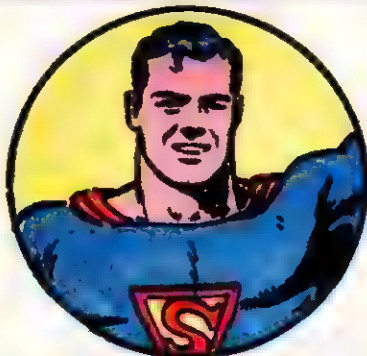
MEANWHILE--A COSTUMED FIGURE ALIGHTS OUTSIDE AN OFFICE WINDOW...

NO ONE IN THE PRANKSTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE! NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AT HIS RECORDS!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! MOST OF THE CELEBRITIES WHO WERE RECENTLY ROBBED ARE ON THE PRANKSTER'S LIST OF PEOPLE TO WHOM HE SENT LETTERS OF APPRECIATION!







SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, MEMBERS!

This month's Superman of the U. S. Army is one of the great airmen of Uncle Sam's wonderful Air Corps. He is Sergeant Meyer Levin, bombardier in Captain Colin Kelly's now historic sinking of the Japanese battleship, *Haruna*, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, and recently awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in the Coral Sea Battle.

Tall, scholarly-looking "Mike", as he is called, is twenty-five years of age. Graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School, he early made up his mind to be become an airman and studied at the Brooklyn Engineering School for Aviation. He enlisted in the Air Corps, June 6, 1939, and was sent to Fort Slocum.

Mike has led a charmed life. Twice forced to bail out, twice a flier without a plane, he has in each case come back safely to his base—come back to take another crack at the Japs. His accurate aim, and his coolness under fire, have proved him to be one of the best bombardiers in the Air Corps.

His rise to that position has been comparatively swift.

It really began last September. Burning for action, he had requested permission to become a bombardier. He landed in Hawaii, where after much training, he was picked to be the bombardier for Colin Kelly's Flying Fortress. Ordered to the Philippines, he made a memorable 7,000 mile trip by



air. What happened there is now part of the glorious history of our Air Corps.

Mike has since taken his share of the toll of Japanese ships in the Battles of Java, Midway and Coral Sea.

Sergeant Levin "got a beautiful hit" on a "big, fat 12,000-ton two-stacker passenger-cargo ship," which he found right in the middle of a large convoy. But on the way home, his big Flying Fortress ran into some heavy weather. Fuel ran low and two of the engines quit. The crew was ordered to bail out. Thus, for the second time in a few months, and in

pitch dark, Mike found himself chuting through space. His chute just cleared a tree and he finally made a landing right on top of a big ant hill. Mike immediately set out to help rescue the rest of the crew. With the aid of the navigator and an Australian cattle drover, he organized a search party. He found his crewmates, unharmed, the same day. It is for this action in the Coral Sea Battle and for his initiative and courage in organizing and rescuing his mates that Mike Levin has been awarded the Silver Star.

In spite of the fact that he is a hero, Mike is a modest chap. As he puts it, we are "hammering the Japs all the time. I don't think that they can stand many more reverses like the Coral Sea Battle and like that Midway Battle." He is thinking in terms of team-play all the time, and he is just one of the many great bombardiers that we are preparing to strike the death blow to the Japanazis.

Sincerely,
CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

FEB.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY

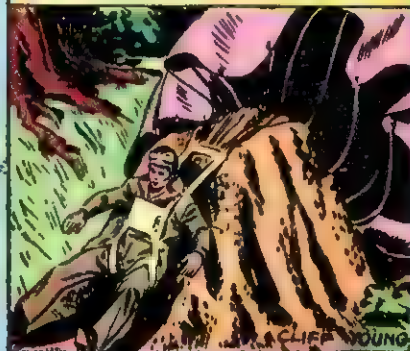
SGT. MEYER LEVIN OF BROOKLYN

CAPT. COLIN KELLY'S BOMBARDIER, WHO SANK THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HARUNA, HOLDS BOTH THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS AND THE SILVER STAR.



LATER, RETURNING TO AUSTRALIA, LEVIN WAS ORDERED TO BAIL OUT WHEN TWO OF THE FLYING FORTRESS' ENGINES QUIT. SGT. LEVIN ADDS: "IT WAS PITCH DARK AS I FLOATED DOWN, BUT I HIT A TREE AND I FINALLY MADE A PAINFUL LANDING RIGHT ON TOP OF A BIG ANT HILL."

REFERRING TO THE BATTLE OF JAVA, THE INTREPID AIRMAN SAYS: "I'M NOT SURE WHETHER I SANK ANY SHIPS IN THOSE RAIDS, BUT I GOT ONE IN THE CORAL SEA BATTLE, OR, AT LEAST, I GOT A BEAUTIFUL HIT. SHE WAS A BIG, FAT, 12,000 TON TWO-STACKER PASSENGER-CARGO SHIP, AND WE FOUND HER RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE CONVOY."



© SUPERMAN INC.



NO, ARTHUR ... NOT ONE, NOT TWO, NOT THREE, BUT **FOUR** TERRIFIC **SUPERMAN** ADVENTURES APPEAR FOR OUR ENJOYMENT IN THIS BRAND-NEW ISSUE OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMIC MAGAZINE!

MY GOODNESS! ANYONE FAILING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH A BARGAIN MUST INDEED BE WACKY!

SUPERMAN No. 21
ON SALE
DEC. 30TH
AT ALL STANDS !

VIGILANTE

TOM HATTON,
I'M A'GOIN
TO SHOOT
YOU DAID!



WHEN A HALF-FORGOTTEN FEUD FLARES AFRESH
IN A WILD MOUNTAIN COMMUNITY, GANGSTER
PISTOLS THUNDER IN EARS ATTUNED TO THE WHIP—
CRACK ECHOES OF SQUIRREL RIFLES!
BUT THE HARD-HITTING **VIGILANTE**, AS FORMIDABLE A FOE OF VILLAINY
IN THE LONELY HILLS, AS IN THE SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY OF HIS BIRTH,
WIELDS WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS TO RESCUE A BOY AND GIRL
FROM HEARTBREAK, AND BLAST OPEN THE CUNNING CRIME PLOT BEHIND...
"THE FEUD OF RIMFIRE RIDGE!"

MORT
JR.
AND
CHARLEY

STRANGE WAY FOR TWO PEOPLE TO START AN ADVENTURE ... BY SAYING GOOD-BYE ... BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS!

SO LONG, STUFF... DON'T FEEL BADLY ABOUT MY NOT TAKING YOU ON THIS TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS!

SURE, SURE, GREG! HAVE A HIGH TIME IN THEM THAR HILLS. AN' DON'T NEEDLE YOUR NOODLE ABOUT ME!

ALL-L-L-L ABO-O-O-OARD!

NOW DON'T GO GETTING INTO ANY TROUBLE, JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT AROUND TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

TROUBLE! ME? ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, CANNOT RID HIMSELF OF UNEASY MISGIVINGS AS THE TRAIN ROLLS SOUTHWARD...

I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT TAKING THIS VACATION AT RIMFIRE RIDGE WHILE THE CHINA-TOWN KID STAYS BEHIND... HOPE HE DOESN'T GET TOO BORED!

BORED? NO INDEED! FOR AS THE TRAIN CRAWLS SLOWLY THROUGH THE YARDS AT THE CITY LIMITS...

MADE IT!

WHEN THE CONDUCTOR PEEKS IN, I'LL BE A PIG IN A POKE... AN' GREG'LL BE PROUD WHEN HE FINDS OUT ALL THE HARDSHIPS I PUT UP WITH SO'S I COULD LOOK OUT FOR HIM...

... OR WILL HE? ... OH, WELL... NO USE WORRYIN' TILL WE GET TO RIMFIRE RIDGE! BUT I GOTTA BE ON HAND 'CAUSE THAT GUY'S ALWAYS GETTIN' INTO TROUBLE!

FRAGILE DON'T KICK, OR USE HOOKS

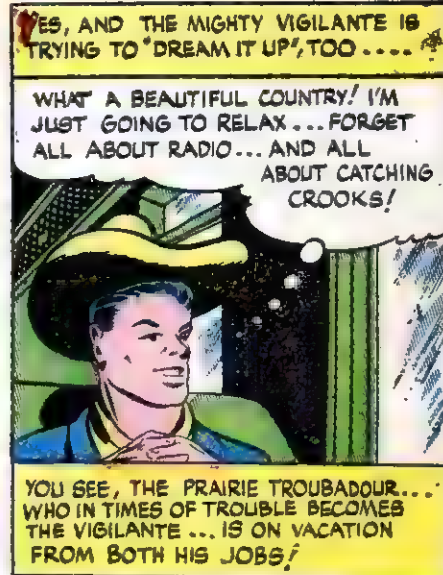
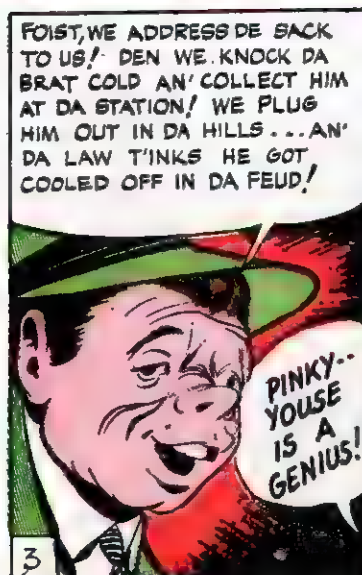
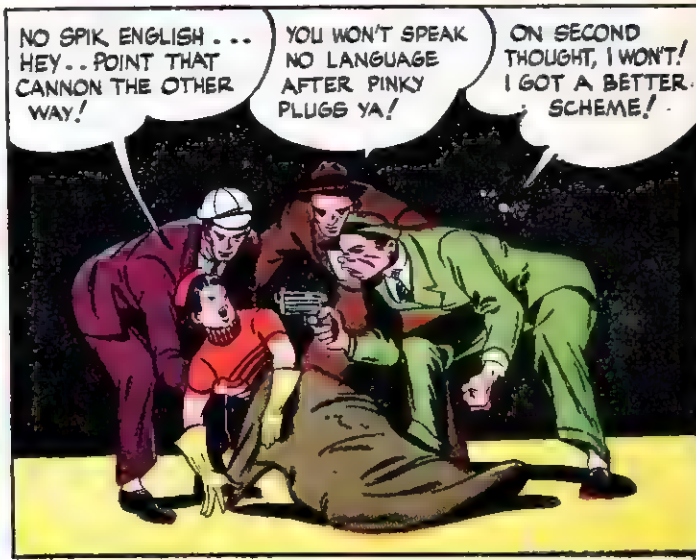
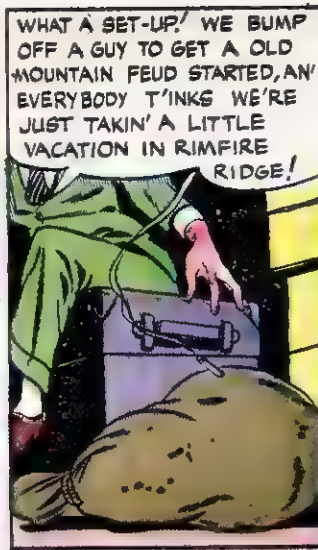
2

PRESENTLY, A VENTILATOR GRATING ATOP THE EXPRESS CAR IS PRIED OPEN TO ADMIT A TRUCULENT-LOOKING TRIO OF FELLOWS — STOWAWAYS!

MAKE IT FAST, DIGGER! IF SOMEBODY SPOTS US, WE'LL GET THE BOOT!

DIS IS BETTER'N RIDIN' BACK O' TH' TENDER!

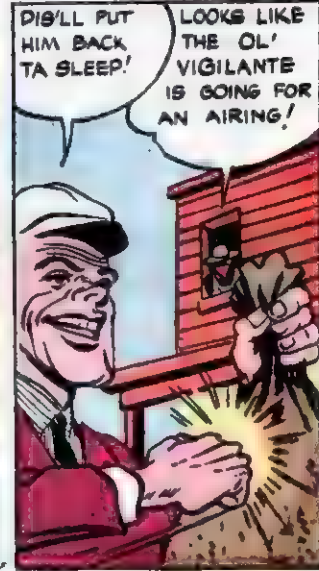
YOU SAID IT, LOUIE... NOW WE CAN TALK WIDOUT EATIN' CINDERS!



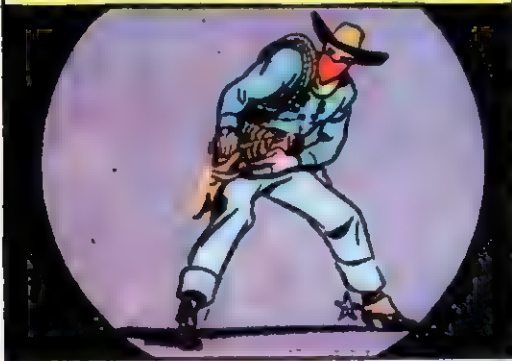
BIMFIRE RIDGE, A WEST VIRGINIA WHISTLE STOP HIGH IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS..



WASHING UP IN HIS ROOM, GREG DOES NOT SEE THREE MEN CARRYING A HEAVY BACK THROUGH THE MAIN STREET...



**SUPPLE LARIAT... SHARP-SPURRED RIDING BOOTS...
HOLSTERED SIX-GUNS THAT HAVE SAVED
COUNTLESS LIVES WITHOUT EVER TAKING ONE
...THESE ARE THE WEAPONS OF THE LAWMAN
OF THE OLD WEST... FORMIDABLE WEAPONS,
WHEN WIELDED BY AN EXPERT!**



**SECONDS LATER...
A MASKED FIGURE
DROPS LIGHTLY
FROM A REAR
WINDOW OF THE
GRAND HOTEL...**



Soon Afterward



**YOU BOYS ARE
HEADING FOR
THE LAST
ROUNDUP!**



**SO YOU'RE THE TOUGH
GUY WHO SLUGS
YOUNGSTERS TO SLEEP!**



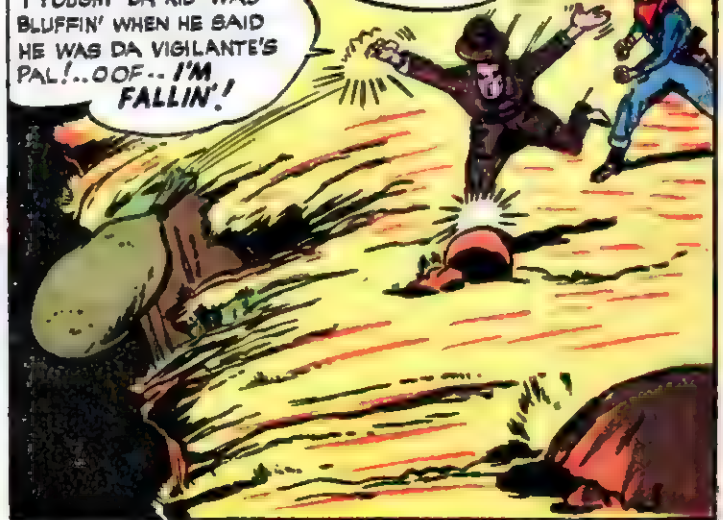
**YOU'VE GOT TO BE
QUICKER ON THE
TRIGGER THAN THAT,
YOU SIDEWINDING
DIAMONDBACK!**

**WHY DIDN'T I STAY
IN DA BIG TOWN?**



**I TIGHT DA KID WAS
BLUFFIN' WHEN HE SAID
HE WAS DA VIGILANTE'S
PAL!... OOF... I'M
FALLIN'!**

**WHAT! IT'S REALLY STUFF?...
LOOK OUT!**



DOWN, DOWN PLUNGES THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY - - -

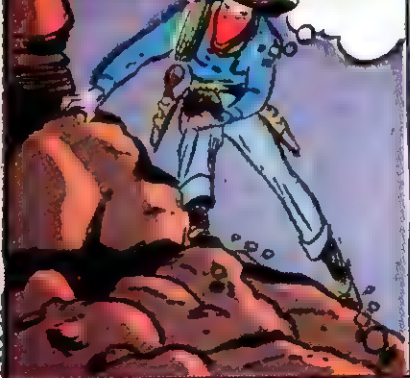
STUFF... HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE... IT'S A SHEER DROP OF OVER A HUNDRED FEET!



I OUGHT TO THROW YOU AFTER HIM... AND I MAY DO EXACTLY THAT IF I FIND HIM DEAD!

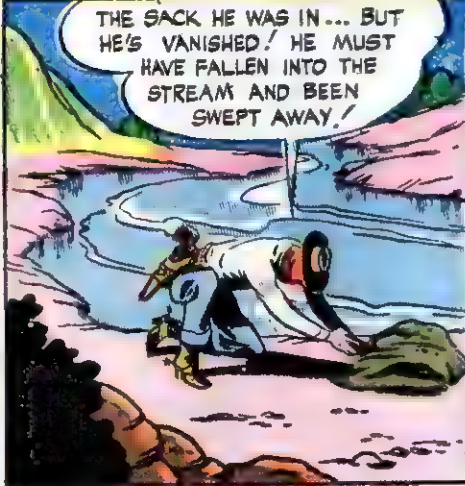


NEAREST WAY DOWN I COULD FIND WITHOUT SMASHING MYSELF UP... THIS ROCK... IT'S EXACTLY LIKE SOME I'VE SEEN OUT WEST... BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE ON IT NOW!

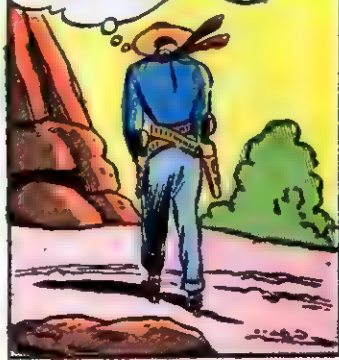


THE END OF HIS LONG SEARCH ALONG THE MOUNTAIN STREAM REVEALS ONLY - - -

THE SACK HE WAS IN... BUT HE'S VANISHED! HE MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE STREAM AND BEEN SWEEPED AWAY!



GONE... THE LITTLE PAL WHO ALWAYS STUCK BY ME, NO MATTER HOW TOUGH THE GOING! AND HE'S DEAD - BECAUSE I TRIED TO LEAVE HIM BEHIND! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D FIND A WAY TO FOLLOW!



AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF...

GONE! I SHOULD HAVE HOG-TIED THOSE KILLERS! BUT I'LL TRACK THEM DOWN IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!

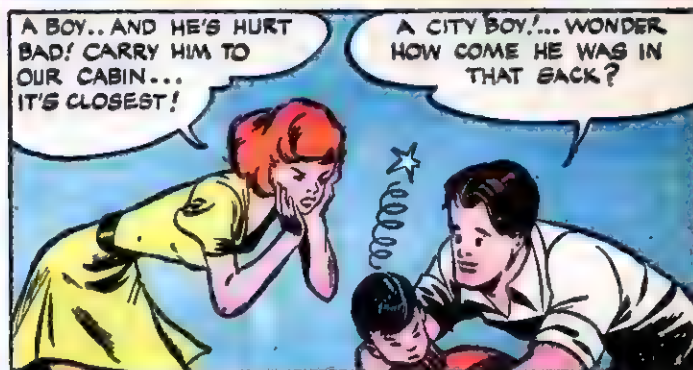
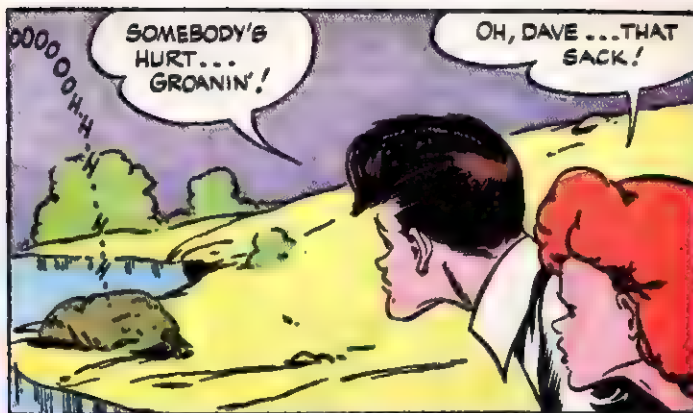


BUT AT THE END OF A FRUITLESS DAY OF SEARCHING...

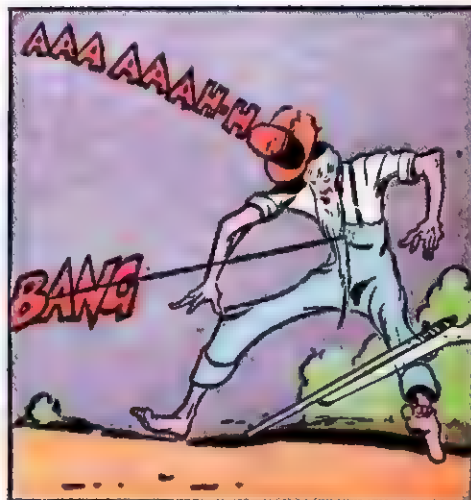
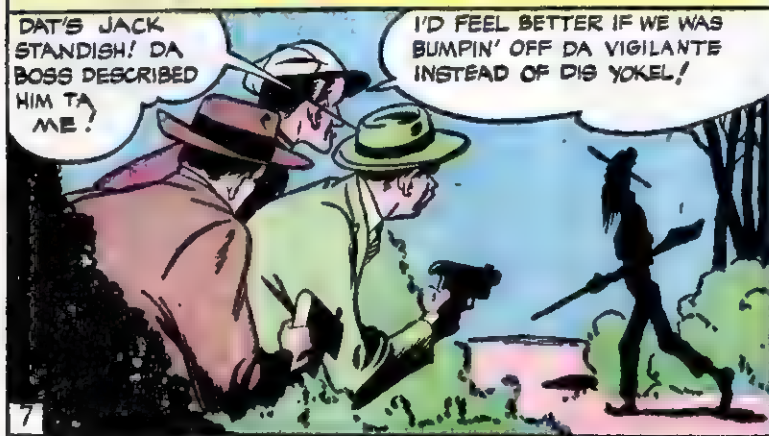
I'LL SNEAK IN AND CHANGE BACK TO STREET CLOTHES... MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE RATS AROUND TOWN!

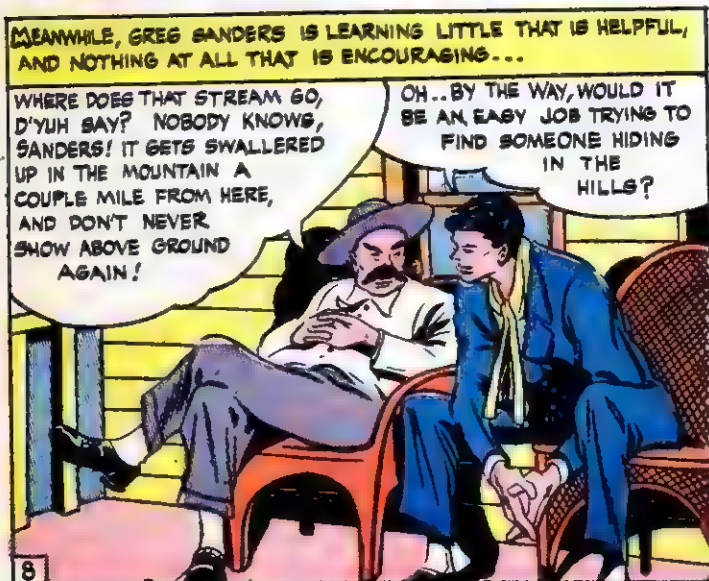
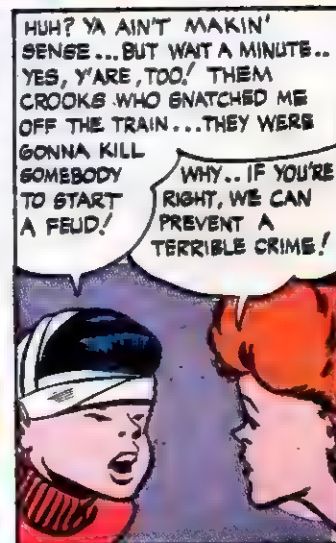
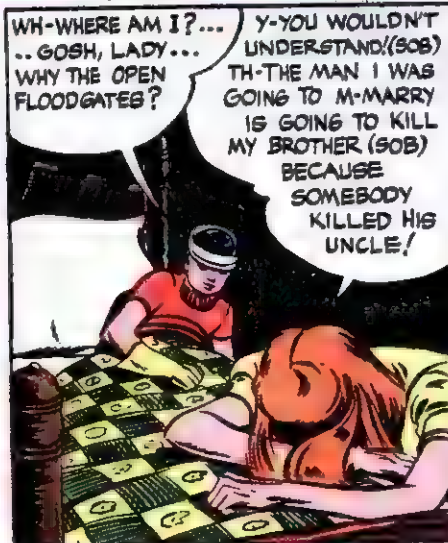
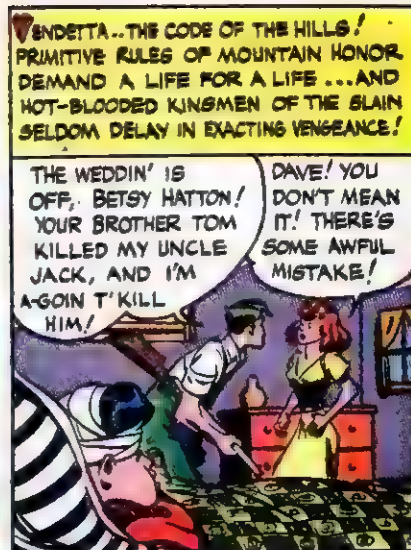
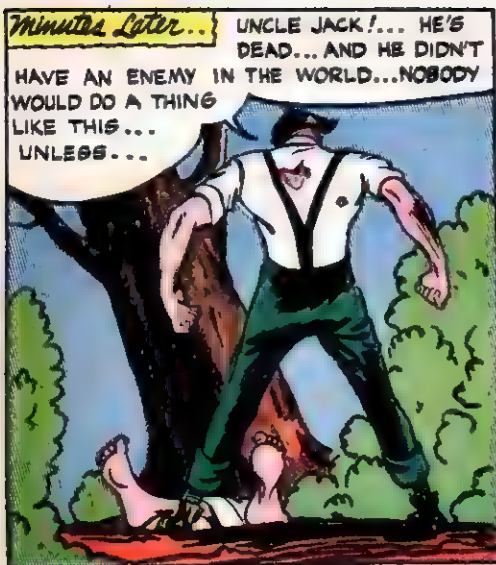


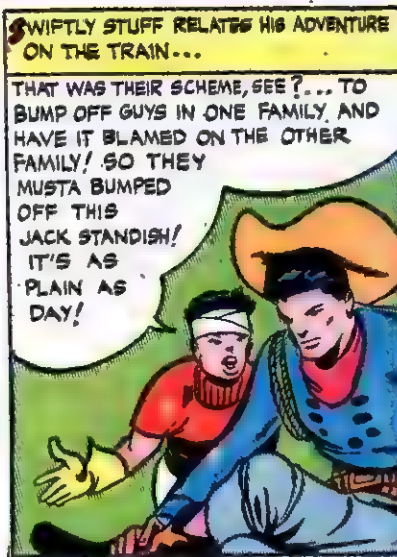
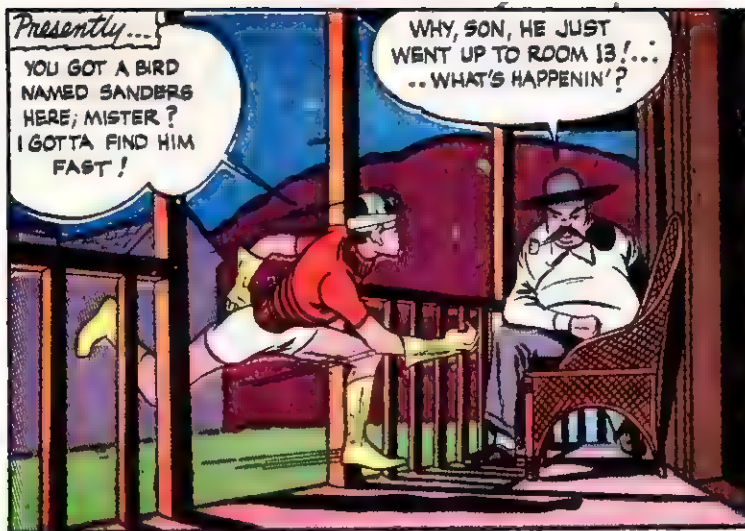
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TOUGH LITTLE CHINATOWN KID? LET US GO BACK TO EARLY AFTERNOON, AND MEET A HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE WE MISSED EARLIER...

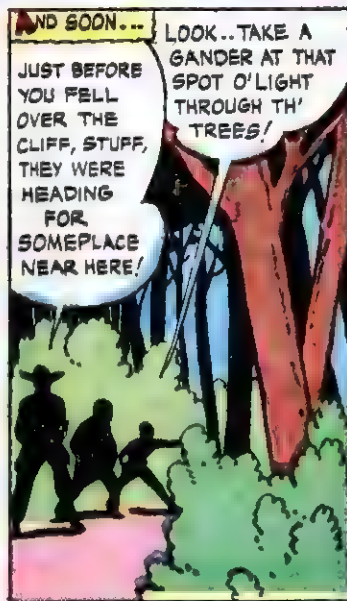
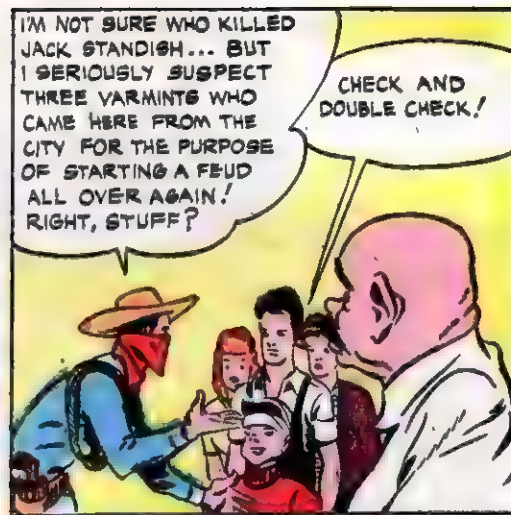


BUT DAVE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE HUNTING FOR "UNCLE JACK" STANDISH... FOR ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE NEARBY...









NO SHOOTIN'! THEY'S OTHERS OUT HUNTIN' YUH, AN' THEY'D HEAR IT! WE'LL SHOVE THESE FELLERS OFF THE CLIFF, AND FOLKS'LL THINK THEY WALKED OVER IN THE DARK!

DIS TIME WE'LL GO DOWN AN' MAKE SURE DEY'RE COOLED POIMANENT!

FORCED TO THE BRINK OF DEATH, THE VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG PAL HESITATE FOR A SINGLE, TENSE SECOND....

I'M COUNTIN' TA T'REE... IF YA DONT JUMP, WE'LL PLUG YA! ...ONE... TWO...

DO WE RUSH THEIR GATS, VIG...OR DO WE TAKE IT LIKE A COUPLA SIBBIES?

LET'S JUMP, STUFF... TRUST ME!

NOW!

SO LONG, VIG!

IS THIS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR THE HARD-PRESSED HEROES? THE ANSWER LIES IN A GLEAMING BIT OF METAL THAT RAKES ACROSS THE DEAD ROOT OF A TREE...CATCHES IN THE ROTTING WOOD...SLIPS... AND CATCHES AGAIN!



GOT YOU!... BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO DO THIS EVERY DAY!

WHATEVER YA DO, DON'T PINCH ME! IF I'M DREAMIN, I DON'T WANTA WAKE UP!

MOMENT LATER...

ALL OUR TROUBLES IS OVER!

YEAH... OVER THE CLIFF! HAW, HAW!

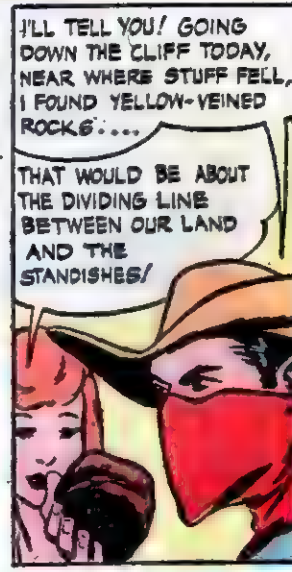
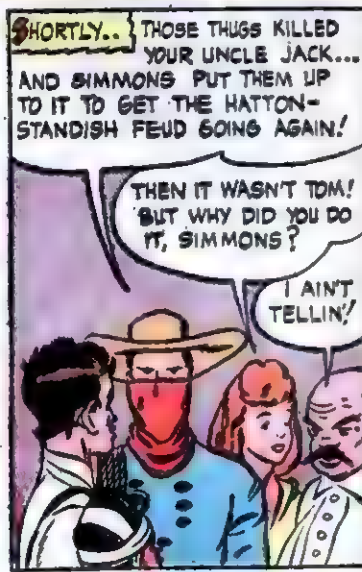
NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS KEEP 'DE FEUD GOIN'!

Suddenly...

I GOT SOME FEUDIN' OF MY OWN TO DO!

I'M SEEIN' THINGS!

HE WON'T BE SEEIN' ANYTHING IN A MINUTE!



LOOK OUT

FOR THE NEXT HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME ADVENTURE OF THE VALIANT VIGILANTE AND HIS UNPREDICTABLE PARTNER STUFF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

ACTION COMICS!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG



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VICTORY Picture Frames

3 ACES



THE TENTACLES OF WAR REACH OUT TO THE WITHERING SANDS OF THE SAHARA, DRENCHING THE DESERT WITH BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS WHEN THE MYSTERIOUS MEN OF THE VEIL, THE TUAREGS, GREEDY FOR POWER, FLOUT AUTHORITY AND JOIN SLY AXIS AGENTS! BUT THE THREE ACES INTERVENE WITH ONLY THEIR INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND DARING INITIATIVE TO STOP THESE

"VEILED DESERT BANDITS!"

FIGHTING FRENCH FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES. TOUGH, AUDACIOUS WARRIORS, THEIR BACKS AGAINST THE WALLS OF A SUN-BAKED OUTPOST IN THE SAHARA, FACE A NEW AND GRAVE DANGER WHEN FASCIST PLANES ARRIVE TO HELP ATTACKING TUAREGS!



ASSIGNED AS OBSERVERS TO THE FOREIGN LEGION AIR CORPS, THE THREE ACES ACCIDENTALLY BARGE INTO THE ATTACK...

BLAME H'IF IT DOESN'T CALL FER H'OUR HINTERFERENCE, YUS, HIT DOES!

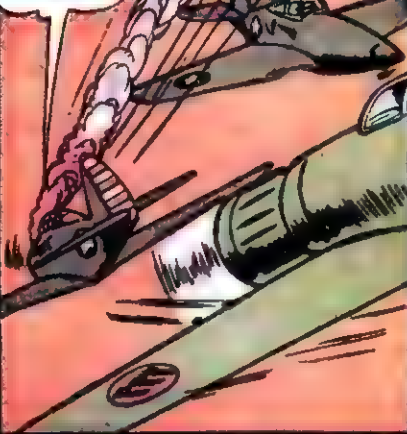
WE'LL SHOW THESE MACCHIS SOMETHING, BUT STAY IN FORMATION, BUDDIES. A LONE PLANE AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS IS A LOST PLANE... ALWAYS!



*MACCHI... ITALIAN FIGHTER PLANE.

BLAME H'IF MY BALLY H'ENGINE H'ISN'T QUITTING IN THIS ERE CONTROVERSY! TOOTLE-OO, CHAPS!

DARN IT! THE LAST EYIE, BUT I COULDN'T HELP POOR FOG!



WITH A CRIPPLED ENGINE, FOG BRINGS HIS AIRACOBRA DOWN TO THE DESERT, MAKING A PANCAKE LANDING RIGHT AMONG THE TUAREGS!

H'OW! WHO ASKED ME TO STICK MY NASTY MUG INTO THIS MARMALADE? THESE BLOOMING BLOKES LOOK AS H'IF THEY DON'T LIKE ME, NO THEY DON'T!



THE THREE ACES SLAM INTO THE FASCISTS WITH YAMMERING MACHINE GUNS!

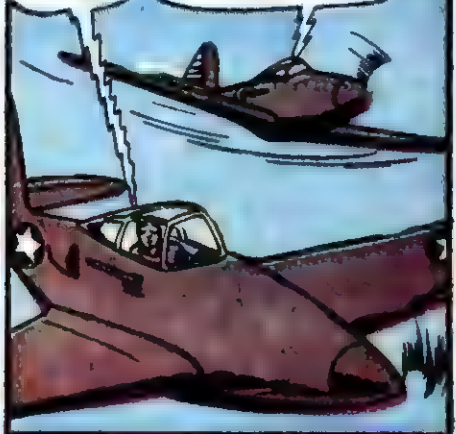


LOOK OUT, FOG! THERE'S AN EYIE BEHIND YOUR BACK!

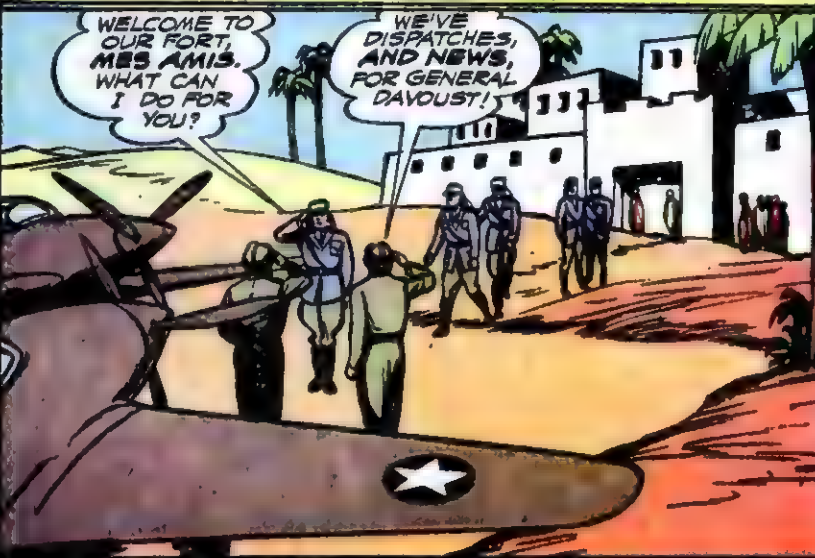
I'LL TYKE CARE OF 'IM IN MY HOWN SWEET TIME HIAFTER I FINISH THAT RUDDY BLOKE!

WILL, WE GOTTA SAVE FOG FROM THESE BABIES!

TAKE IT EASY, GUNNER! WE'LL ONLY BE GIVING OURSELVES TO THE TUAREGS! WE'LL COME FOR FOG LATER! I PROMISE THAT!



SADDENED BY THE LOSS OF FOG, THE TWO ACES LAND AT FORT APAFI, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL DAVOUST'S HARD-HITTING FIGHTING FRENCH ARMY.



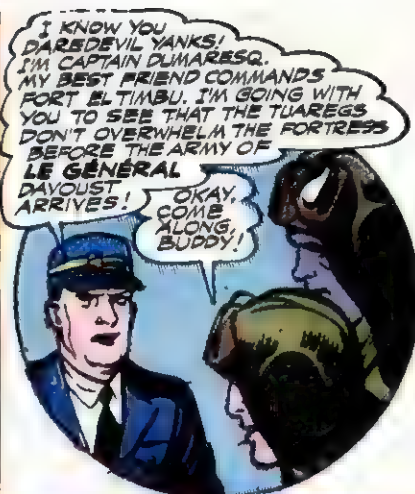
WELCOME TO OUR FORT, MES AMIS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'VE DISPATCHES, AND NEWS, FOR GENERAL DAVOUST!

FORT EL TIMBU UNDER ATTACK, YOU SAY? THE DOGS OF TUAREGS, THEY'VE GIVEN US PLENTY OF TROUBLE! TIENS! MY BRIGADE MARCHES TONIGHT TO ATTACK AT DAWN!

SIR, MAY WE HAVE PERMISSION TO TRY TO SAVE OUR FRIEND FORT? I HAVE A PLAN!

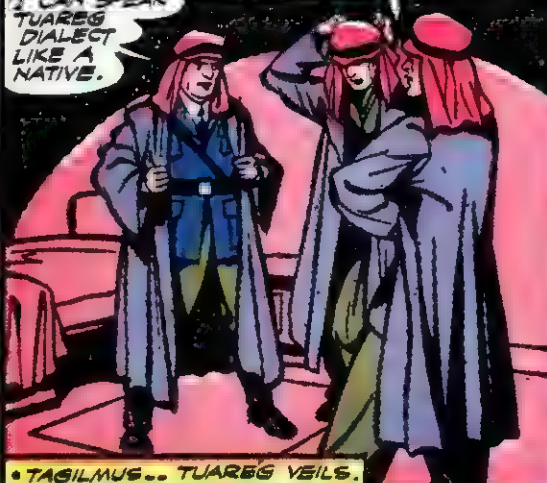




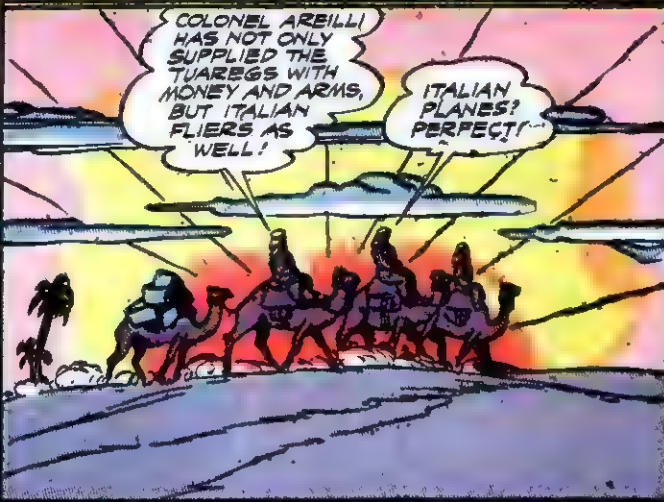
CAPTAIN DUMARESQ LEADS WILL AND GUNNER TO HIS CANTONMENT AND GIVES THEM TUAREG OUTFITS AND BLACK TAGILMUS...

I'M ALSO A SECRET SERVICE OFFICER. I CAN SPEAK TUAREG DIALECT LIKE A NATIVE.

WELL, WELL, THAT MAKES OUR JOB MUCH SIMPLER!



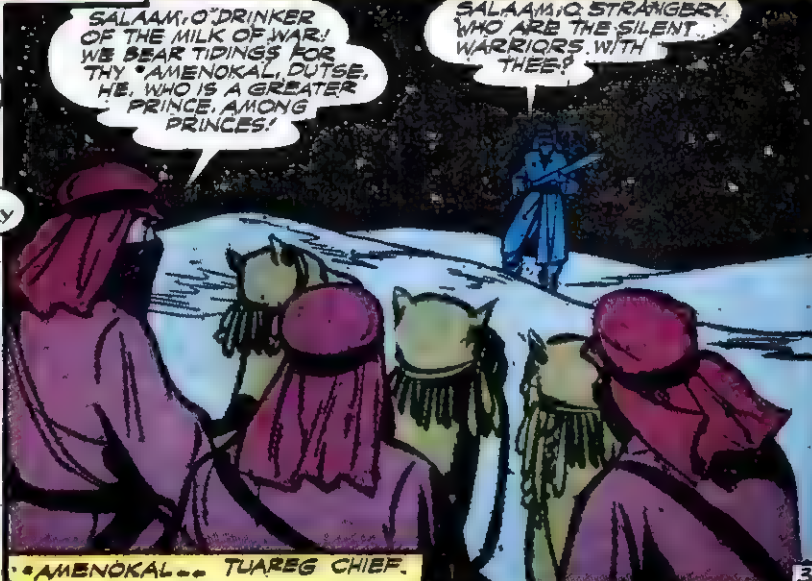
AND SOON THEY ARE OFF ON SWIFT RACING CAMELS, THOROUGHBREDS OFF THE DESERT...



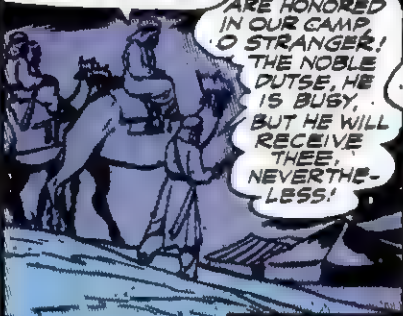
IN THE CHILLY DESERT NIGHT, THREE CAMELS BEARING THREE MYSTERIOUS MEN ARRIVE AT THE TUAREG CAMP...

WE'LL SWIPE SOME EYIE PLANES AFTER PULLING FOG OUT OF HIS JAM! THEN WE'LL DESTROY AREILLI'S PLANES BEFORE THE GENERAL ARRIVES!

MAGNIFIQUE! BUT I MUST CAUTION YOU NOT TO SHOW YOUR LIMBS! THE TUAREGS HAVE SMALL HANDS AND FEET, WHICH I ALSO HAVE, BUT YOURS ARE UNFORTUNATELY TOO BIG.



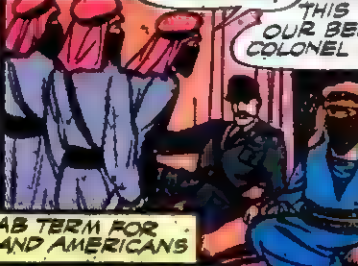
MY FRIENDS ARE HOLY MEN, WHO ARE ON A VOW TO KEEP SILENCE UNTIL THEY FEAST THEIR TIRED EYES ON HOLY MECCA!



HOLY MEN ARE HONORED IN OUR CAMP, O STRANGER! THE NOBLE DUTSE, HE IS BUSY, BUT HE WILL RECEIVE THEE, NEVERTHELESS!

USHURED INTO DUTSE'S SPACIOUS TENT, THE THREE STRANGERS, IN REALITY OUR RESCUERS, ARE VERY PLEASED TO FIND COLONEL AREILL! ALSO PRESENT...

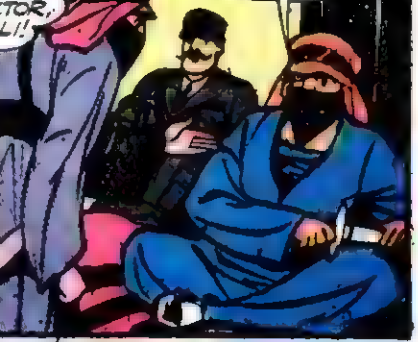
GREETINGS, O DUTSE, AND MAY THOU LIVE TO SEE MANY SONS GROW TO BE TRUE TUAREG WARRIORS! BUT IS THIS 'ROUMI' TO BE TRUSTED?



I LIKE YOUR CAUTION, O STRANGER. NEVER FEAR, THIS ROUMI IS OUR BENEFACITOR, COLONEL AREILL!

KNOW, O DUTSE, THAT THE ROUMI AVIATOR, THE SAME WHO IS THY PRISONER, HE WAS NOT SHOT DOWN. HE LANDED OF HIS OWN FREE WILL! HE IS A HATED SPY!

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, BRING THE PRISONER HERE!



*ROUMI -- ARAB TERM FOR EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS

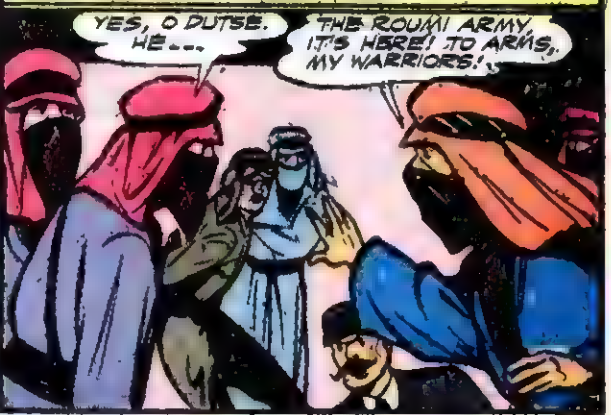
BOUND, HIS FACE HAGGARD FROM TUAREG TORTURE, FOG IS DRAGGED INTO THE TENT...

WHAT DID THEY DO TO FOG? THIS CALLS FOR REPAYMENT WITH SPECIAL INTEREST!

IS THIS GNAT'S EGG THE HATED ROUMI SPY THOU TALK ABOUT, O STRANGER?



SUDDENLY, A LOUD NOISE, A DISCORDANT OVERTONE OF BOOMING DRUMS AND BLARING BUGLES SHATTERS THE STILL DESERT AIR!



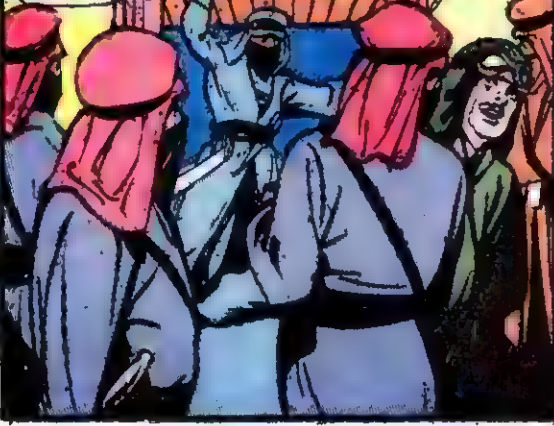
YES, O DUTSE. HE...

THE ROUMI ARMY, IT'S HERE! TO ARMS, MY WARRIORS!

AS WILL SNIPS FOG'S BONDS, A SHARP-EYED TUAREG GUARD SEES HIS HANDS...

I, DUTSE, AMENOKAL OF THE AZGEUR TUAREGS, WILL LEAD MY SOLDIERS AGAINST THE ROUMI! TARRY A WHILE, STRANGERS AND GUARD THE SPY WELL!

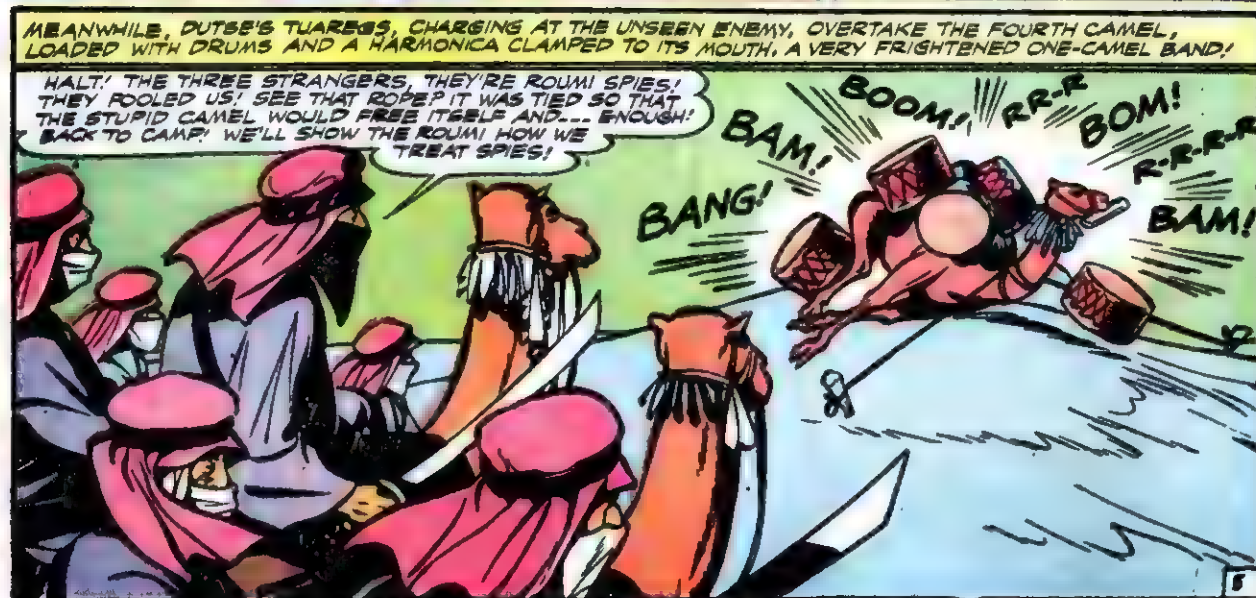
LISTEN, FOG, IT'S I, WILL!



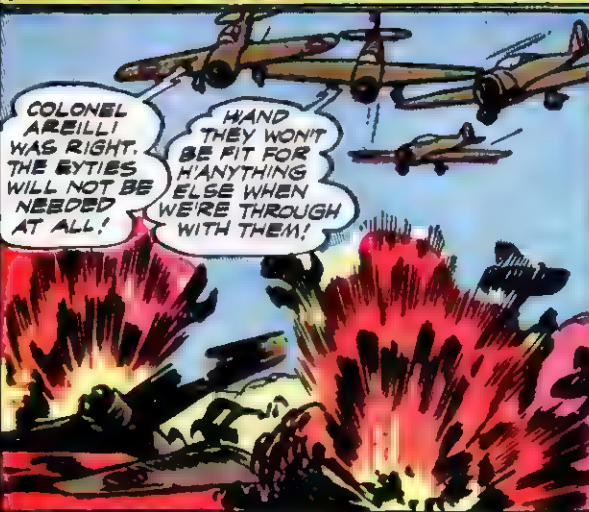
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL...

THEY ARE NOT MEN OF THE YEIL! LOOK AT THEIR HANDS... ROUMI!

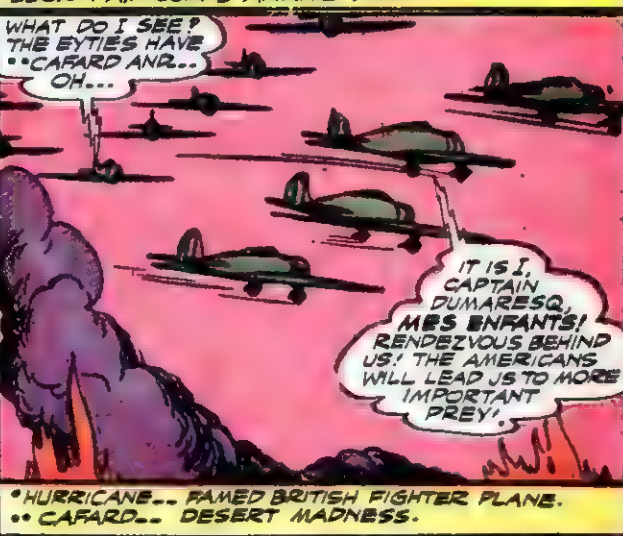




WITH THUDDING BOMBS AND STUTTERING MACHINE GUNS, THE THREE ACES AND CAPTAIN DUMARESQU RIP THE GROUNDED ITALIAN PLANES...



SUDDENLY, THE 'HURRICANES' OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AIR CORPS ARRIVE AND...



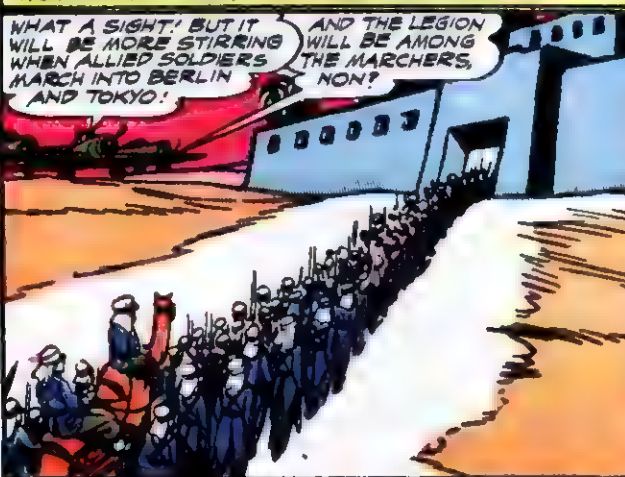
THE THREE ACES AND THE LEGIONNAIRES SWEEP DOWN UPON THE STARTLED TUAREGS WITH CHATTERING GUNS AND SEND THEM FLYING FROM THEIR TERRIFIED CAMELS!



AND AS THE GENERAL'S ARMY ARRIVES, IT DEPLOYS AND FALLS ON THE DEMORALIZED TUAREGS WITH COLD STEEL!



THE BRIEF BUT BLOODY BATTLE OVER, THE VICTORIOUS PLANES LAND WHILE GENERAL DAVOUST LEADS HIS TRIUMPHANT ARMY INTO FORT EL TIMBU...



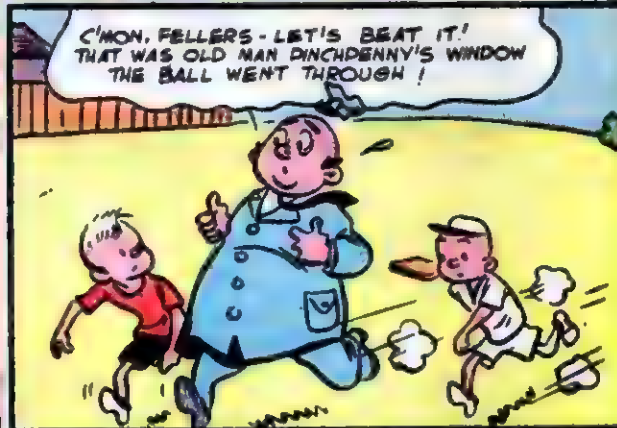
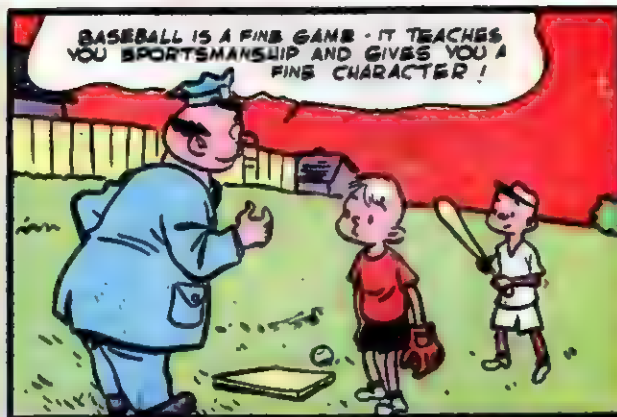
OUR STRATEGY ACCOMPLISHED TWO THINGS, SIR. THE TUAREGS NOW HAVE SUCH CONTEMPT FOR FASCIST INCOMPETENCE THAT THEY WILL NOT LISTEN TO THEM AGAIN! SECOND, OUR PUNISHMENT WAS SO SEVERE THAT THEY WILL LEAVE FIGHTING FRENCH ALONE AND FREE VALUABLE REGIMENTS FOR ACTIVE FRONTS.



CLANCY

THE COP

CLANCY



**BOY!
WHAT
A
CAST!**

-AND,
NO OTHER
MAGAZINE
IN THE
WORLD
HAS 'EM!

**SUPERMAN! BATMAN!
BOY COMMANDOS!
GREEN ARROW!**

-PLUS OTHER LEADERS -- AND
ALL IN THIS ONE GREATEST OF
ALL GREAT COMIC MAGAZINES!

NEW! -AND EVERY
FEATURE
A BOY
FEATURE!

ALL BOY-HEROES IN ALL
BOY-ADVENTURES! FAST
SMASHING ACTION YARNS!

**NOW
ON
SALE**
AT ALL
STANDS

DON'T
MISS
THIS
FIRST
BIG
ISSUE



AMERICOMMANDO

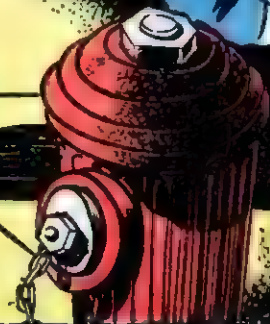
WARNING TO AMERICOMMANDO!

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE
ME!!

I WILL FIND
YOU NO MATTER
WHERE YOU
GO!!

THE
LITTLE
ONE

Once again, the terrible **LITTLE ONE**
shadowy master of murders in whose
veins the mixed bloods of Japan and
Prussia are curdled ... stalks
AMERICOMMANDO with deadly intent
... this time against the gun-bristling
background of the French invasion
coast... The super-trained American
fighter... who has dared to strike single-
handed at the Nazi terror from within
... proves that there are times when the
artist's brush is **MIGHTIER**
THAN THE SWORD!



HERR GENERAL VON BLASTENHOFF COMMANDER OF AN IMPORTANT SECTOR OF THE NAZI-OCCUPIED "INVASION COAST" OF FRANCE, IS NOT A PARTICULARLY PRETTY SUBJECT FOR A PORTRAIT!



YOU ARE SUPERB, MON GENERAL! ZIG PORTRAIT WILL BE ADMIRIED BY ZE GENERATIONS TO FOLLOW YOU!

JA... DOT ISS VOT I EGGPECT!

BUT IT'S AMAZING WHAT SOME ARTISTS CAN DO WITH MOST DIS- COURAGING MATERIAL!

MAGNIFIQUE! YOUR SO GREAT FUEHRER HIM- SELF COULD HARDLY LOOK MORE IMPRESSIVE!!

YOU THINK SO, HEINZ? LET ME SEE, M'SIEU VALJEAN!



TOO BAD YOU ARE NOT A GERMAN INSTEAD OF MERELY A FRENCH FRIEND BUT OF GERMANY! IF ONLY YOU WERE A MEMBER OF THE MASTER RACE, I COULD HAVE YOU PRO- CLAIMED A GENIUS!!

TOO BAD, YES... BUT STILL I CAN WORK FOR ZE NEW ORDER OF HITLER!

YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT SHALL REWARDED BE! YOU HAVE A DESIRE EGGRESSED TO PAINT DER SCENIC BEAUTIES OF DER COAST!

OUI! IT ISS MY FERVENT WISH!



HERE...A PASS WHICH I, WILL ADMIT YOU TO JEAN VALJEAN, OUR MILITARY ZONES IN THIS VICINITY! YOU MAY PAINT WHAT- EVER YOU WISH, AS LONG AS YOU DONT SHOW OUR DEFENSES!

WOULD NOT DO A THING LIKE THAT!



But AS "JEAN VALJEAN" LEAVES THE GENERAL'S OFFICE, A THROATY CHUCKLE COMES FROM HIS LIPS, AND BEHIND THE TINY BEARD WE GLIMPSE THE FAMILIAR FEATURES OF AMERI-COMMANDO!!



ISN'T IT WONDER- FUL WHAT A LITTLE FLATTERY CAN DO? LUCKY I REMEMBERED THE PAINTING LESSONS I TOOK YEARS AGO!

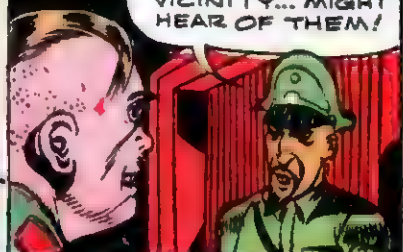
BUT WHY IS THE GREATEST SINGLE BATTLE ON THE ALLIED SIDE, THE ROUGHEST, TOUGH- EST FIGHTING MAN ON EARTH... CURRYING FAVOR WITH THE NAZI OVERLORDS OF CRUSHED FRANCE? WHEN LAST WE SAW HIM, HE HAD ESCAPED A NAZI DEATH-TRAP IN BERLIN, THE HEART OF HITLER'S SLAVE-CAPITAL! LET US SEE IF WE CAN FATHOM THE PRESENT MYSTERY...

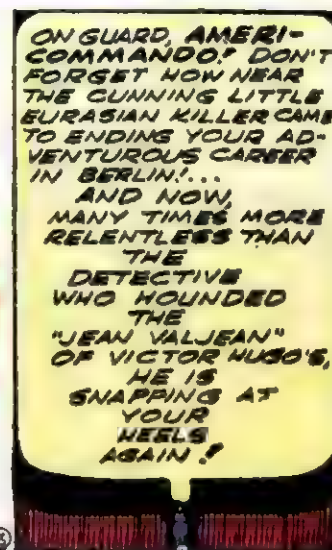
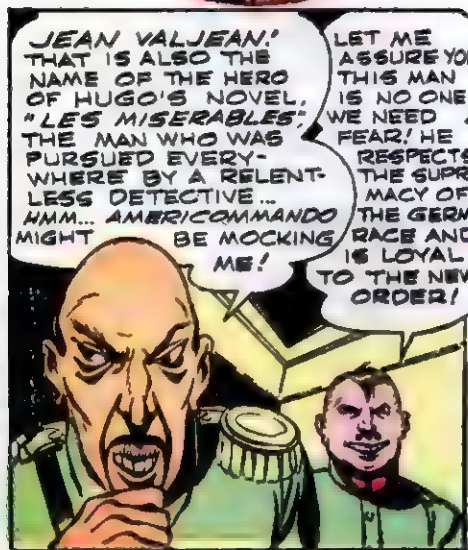
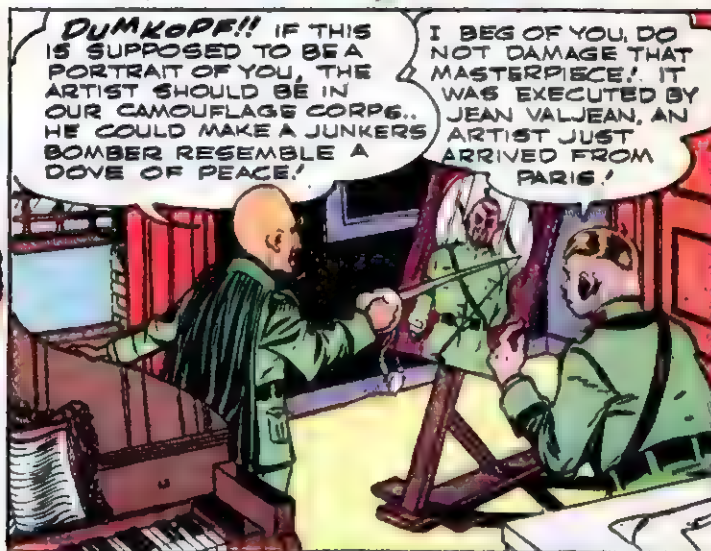
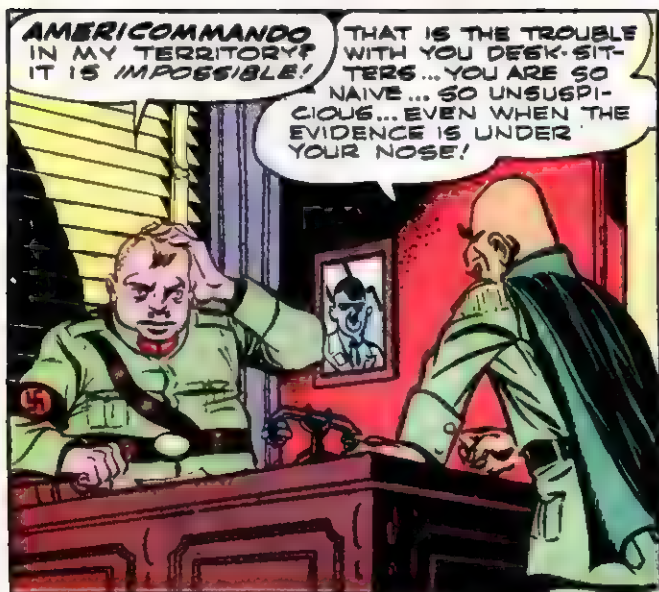
Later, GENERAL VON BLASTENHOFF RECEIVES ANOTHER VISITOR...

ACH! DR. ITO, THE LITTLE ONE! NO ONE! NO ONE! YOU WERE COMING HERE!

IT IS NOT NEC- ESSARY THAT MY MOVEMENTS BE REPORTED IN ADVANCE.. THAT DEVIL AMERI-COM- MANDO...

WHOM I HOPE TO FIND IN THIS VICINITY... MIGHT HEAR OF THEM!





A CLIFFTOP PROVIDES AN ARTISTIC-MINDED INDIVIDUAL WITH A RARE VIEW OF SEA AND SHORE...AND ALSO OF A NAZI COASTAL BATTERY!



SOMEONE'S COMING... WHAT!... IT'S ITO... THE LITTLE ONE... AND I HAVE NO DISGUISE EXCEPTING THIS TINY BEARD! I'VE GOT IT... I'LL SMEAR MY FACE WITH PAINT!

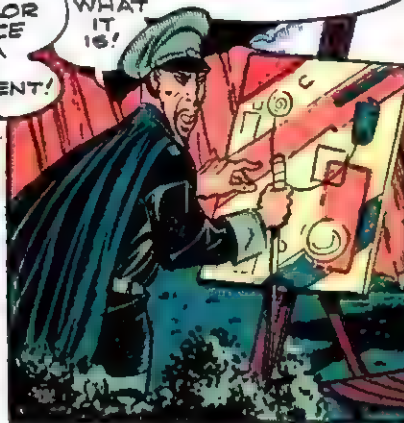


YOU ARE THE WASTER OF GOOD PAINT AND CANVAS WHO CALLS HIMSELF JEAN VALJEANT

OUI, MON AMI... AND I HAVE JUST WASTED TEN FRANCS' WORTH OF GOOD COLOR ON MY FACE THROUGH A STUPID ACCIDENT!

IT IS MORE OF A MESS THAN YOUR FACE! IT WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS, YOUR PAINTING SO NEAR OUR BIG GUNS.. EXCEPT THAT NO ONE CAN TELL WHAT IT IS!

M'SIEU, ZIS CANVAS REPRESENTS ZE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY! I AM OF ZE MODERN SCHOOL OF SURREALIST SYMBOLISM, AND VERY FEW UNDERSTAND MY WORK!

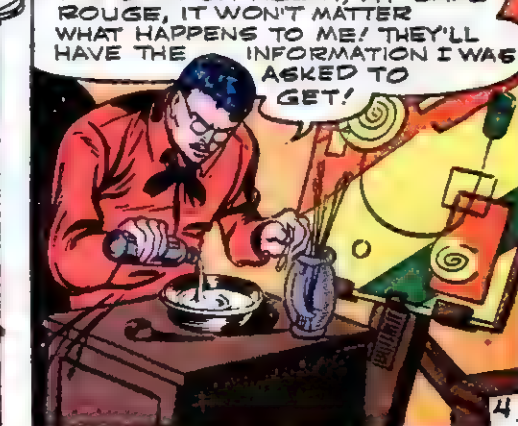


IT IS AN ART FOR MADMEN AND GLIBBERING FOOLS! I SHALL RECOMMEND THAT YOU BE FORCED TO PAINT RECOGNIZABLE PICTURES HERE-AFTER!!

WHEW!! THAT WAS CLOSE! HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME, BUT SOONER OR LATER HE'S APT TO... I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE STUDIO!

IN A SKYLIGHTED GARRET... "JEAN VALJEANT" MIXES CHEMICALS WITH SWIFT FINGERS...

ONCE I GET THIS TO REEVES, THE BRITISH AGENT, AT CAFE ROUGE, IT WON'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME! THEY'LL HAVE THE INFORMATION I WAS ASKED TO GET!



AS A CLOTH SOAKED IN THE CHEMICAL SOLUTION IS SWABBED OVER THE "SURREALIST" PAINTING, CERTAIN COLORS DISAPPEAR AND OTHERS ARE BRIGHTENED....



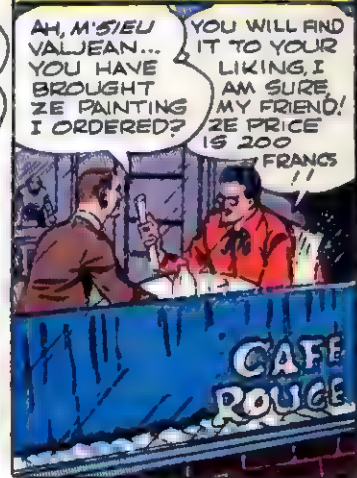
AN ART FOR MADMEN, EH? THE **LITTLE ONE** WOULD CERTAINLY BE MAD IF HE COULD SEE THIS!!

..AND THE FINAL RESULT IS STARTLING, DIFFERENT FROM THE ORIGINAL!



A **MASTERPIECE**, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF! IT WILL ENABLE OUR SIDE TO BOMB THE BIG GUNS OUT OF ACTION AND LAND ANY NUMBER OF **RAIDERS**...

THAT EVENING, IN THE **BISTRO** KNOWN AS THE **CAFE ROUGE**, AN "ARTIST" AND A "PATRON" MEET...



AH, M'SIEU VALJEAN... YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR LIKING, I AM SURE, MY FRIEND! ZE PRICE IS 200 FRANS !!

YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR LIKING, I AM SURE, MY FRIEND! ZE PRICE IS 200 FRANS !!

CAFE ROUGE

YOU'LL GET IT TO ENGLAND TONIGHT, EH, REEVES? THE **LITTLE ONE** IS ON MY TRAIL, AND IF HE DISCOVERS WHAT I HAVE BEEN DOING, IT MAY CHANGE EVERYTHING!

AMERICOM-MANDO, IF YOU WATCH FROM THE CLIFFS AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN, YOU'LL SEE THE **COMMANDO'S** ATTACK!



SO INTENT ARE THE ALLIED OPERATIVES ON THEIR TALK, THEY DON'T SEE OR SENSE THE **MALEVOLENT EYES** WATCHING FROM A CURTAINED **BOOTH** !

EITHER THERE IS A RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THAT ARTIST AND **AMERICOM-MANDO**, OR I AM IMAGINING THINGS... AT ANY RATE, CAPTAIN, YOU ARE TO FOLLOW THE MAN WITH HIM AND REPORT AT MY HOTEL!

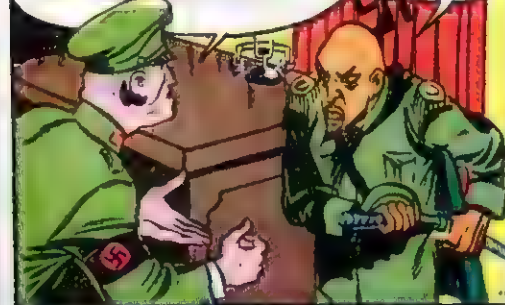
JA, **HERR DOKTOR**... HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME!



SO IT IS THAT THE **LITTLE ONE** LATER THAT EVENING, RECEIVES 'IMPORTANT NEWS'...

I TRAILED HIM TO A FIELD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN... AND THERE WAS A PLANE WAITING! I TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM, BUT HE SHOT AT ME AND I HAD TO TAKE COVER...

A **SPY**!! AND YOU LET HIM ESCAPE!



HIMMEL... YOU HAVE KILLED ME!!

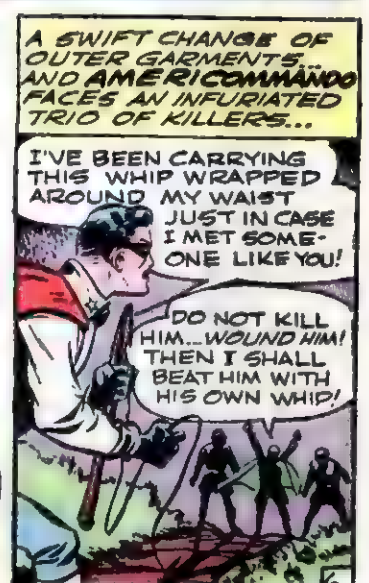
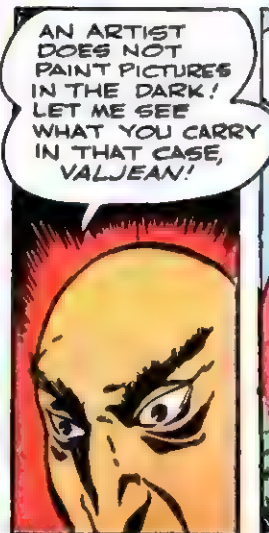
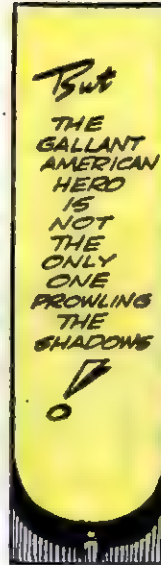
I HAVE NOT BEEN SO MERCIFUL! YOU WILL LIVE, A **HOPELESS CRIPPLE**!

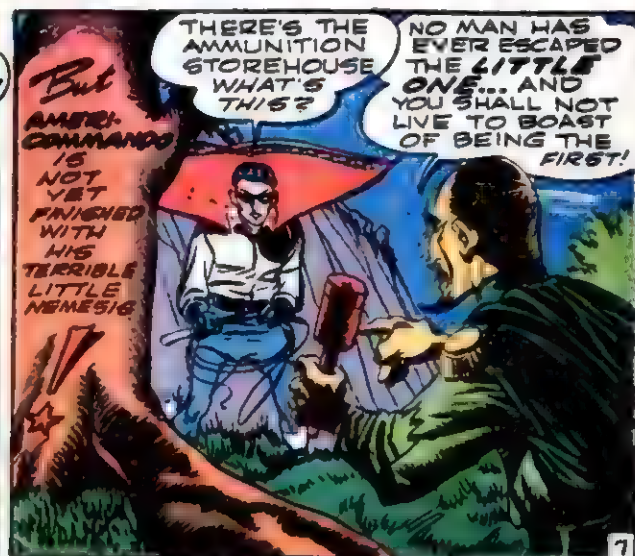
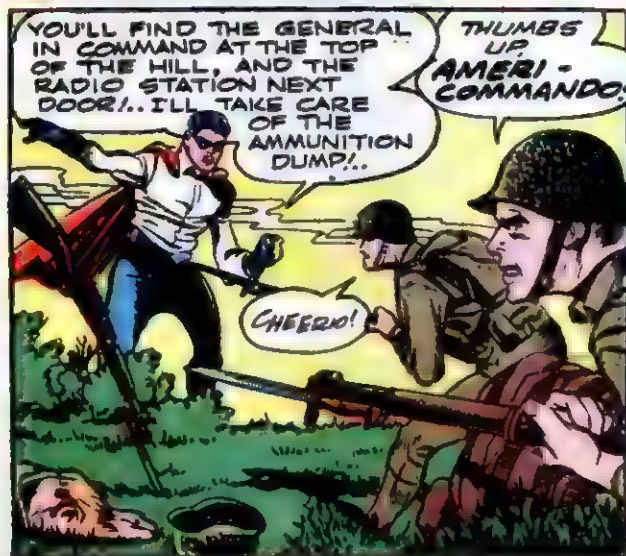
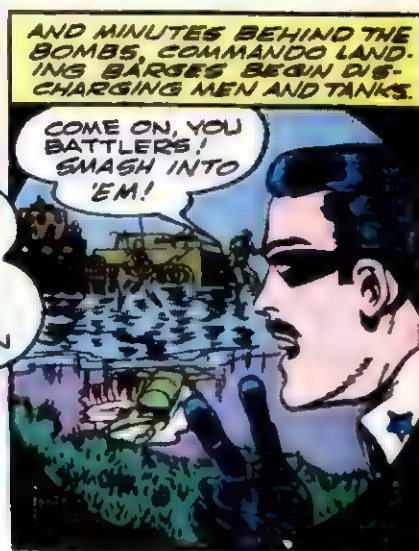
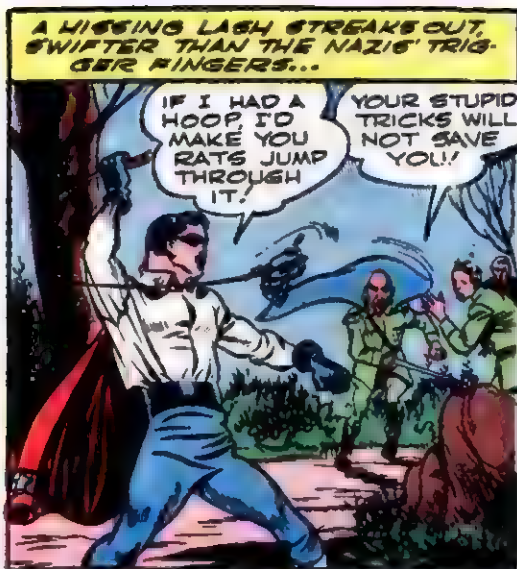


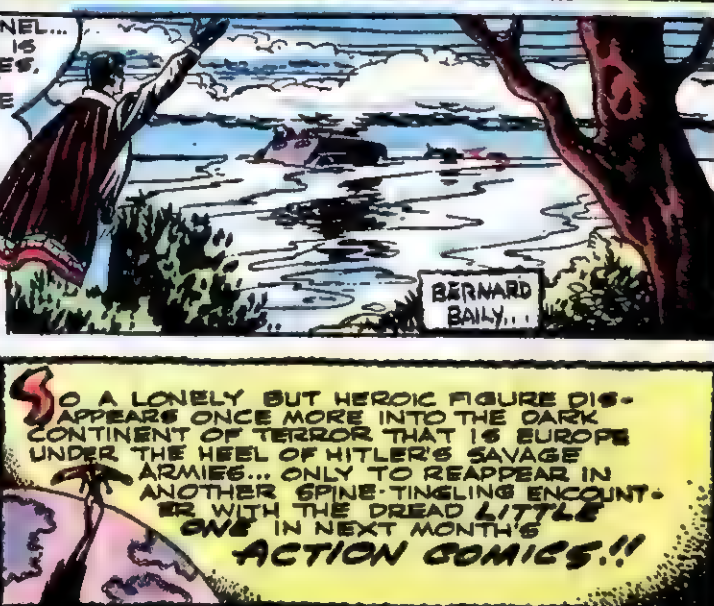
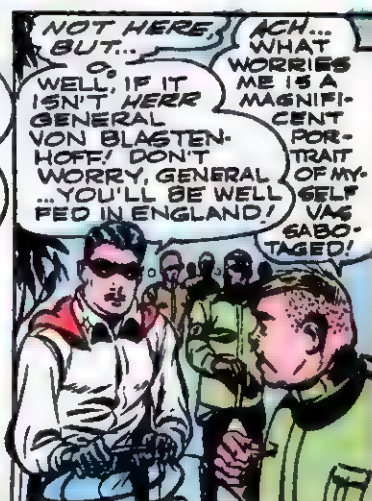
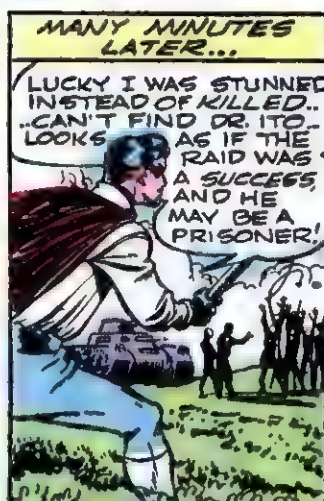
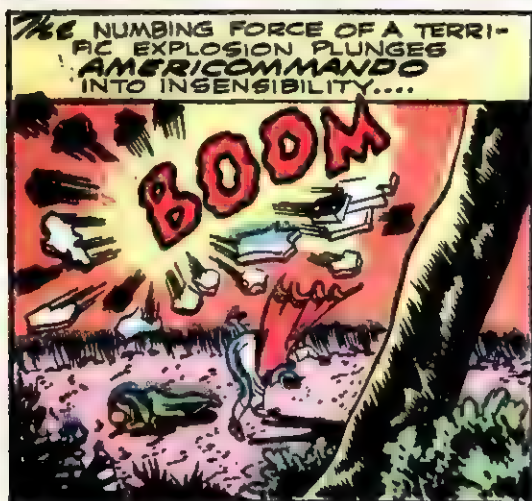
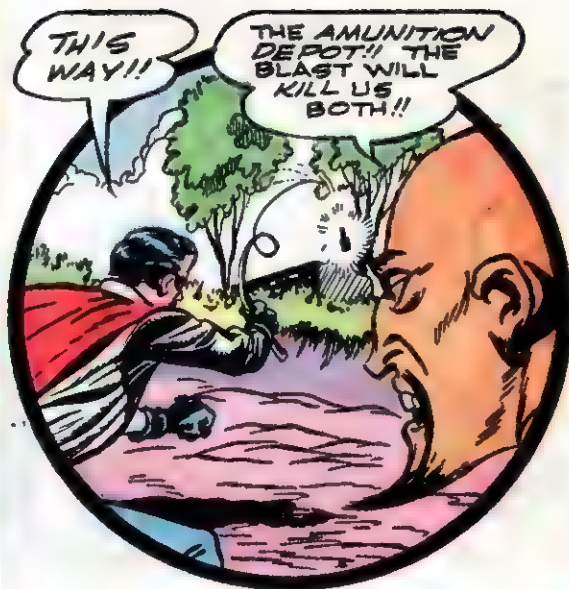
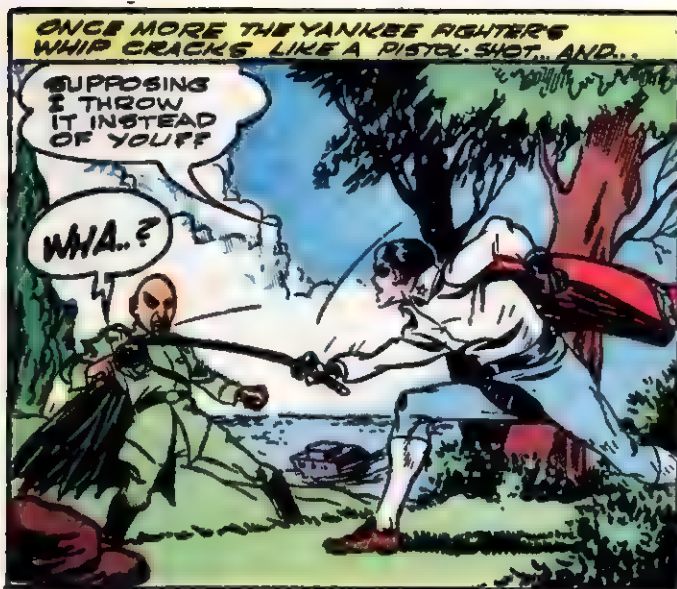
I SHOULD HAVE ACTED ON MY FIRST SUSPICIONS! "JEAN VALJEAN" MUST BE **AMERICOM-MANDO**...

AND HOW HE MUST BE LAUGHING AT ME!











STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



The Condor

ONE of the largest existing birds of flight, is the condor. Its average length is four feet from its beak to the end of its tail, while its wings have a spread of approximately nine feet from tip to tip. It is a member of the vulture family and enjoys carrion (decaying flesh of dead animals). One condor of average size has been observed to devour a calf, a sheep, and a dog during a single week. When in search of food they are known to attack sheep, goats, and deer. Shep-

by the barricade, the bird cannot easily fly and is captured or killed. As the condor is a heavy sleeper and sleeps most of the day, many are caught by climbing up a tree and noosing them before they awaken.

The condors are found in South America along the Andes Mountains from the equator to the Straits of Magellan. The favorite roosts are at heights of 10,000 to 16,000 feet and at levels where there is perpetual snow. They are powerful and



The Condor

herds hunt them down when they observed in their vicinity in order to protect their flock. The condor is easily caught for it is a stupid bird being more intent on a feast than on its own safety. Because of this fact, a barricade is made of sticks and stones and a dead animal is placed within it. When the condor sees the carcass it swoops down for a feast. Having devoured the animal and often to excess, the extra weight requires him to make an added run to get off the ground. His flight is thus similar to that of an airplane in which a dash down a runway must be made before it can take to the air. Being blocked

graceful flyers for they sail in the air without flapping their wings. There are stories told that condors are known to have attacked airplanes flying over the Andes and in some cases to have caused planes to crack up by flying directly into the whirling propellers.

Air mail stamps of nearly all the South American countries bordering on the Andes have shown pictures of the condor on their designs. Among these countries are Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, and Peru. A number of regular postage stamps of Bolivia have depicted the condor on its designs.

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NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

by Ed Tarr

MISTY darkness had laid siege to the night and now held it in its clammy power. Aboard the sleek gray battle wagons no lights showed as the commodore's flagship led the way, followed by the remainder of the line, and to the admiral, on the bridge, it appeared likely that the fleet would slip through without challenge. To the right, the lights of Corregidor blinked through the shadowy shroud. Could the fleet pass its guns unchallenged?

As though in answer to this question, a shower of sparks suddenly appeared from the funnel of one of the ships. Instantly, guns roared from shore batteries.

The admiral's brow furrowed, then smoothed out.

Well, there was no use issuing further orders. Angrily, the *Boston* and the *McCullough* had opened up. Flashes of fire belched from their heavy guns and shells screamed in rebuttal. The island guns replied, but only for a few moments. Then a silence vast as the sea itself once more enveloped the battle formation.

The admiral sighed. He wished his almost invisible fleet had not been detected, at least not until the objective had been attained. But there was no use crying over things. Menace still rode the waves. The perils of torpedoes and mines still remained to his groping vessels and the possibility of being ram-

med, in the dark, by an equally cagy enemy fleet still remained. There was no guarantee that the enemy was still based at Cavite.

However, it wouldn't hurt to take time out for coffee. Although he bore four stars on his flag, this man on the bridge, in whose care an entire squadron had been committed, knew what it was like to be aboard ships of silence. All night he had sensed the feeling. Orders that are whispered tauten a man's nerves, yet it had to be so. Small wonder then, that as words passed from mouth to mouth, the admiral could catch a break or vibration. Everyone was keyed up.

"Yes," the admiral's lips moved soundlessly, "and it is good." He was reminded of a violin bow, how it is taut and straight, before it is touched. Then it is singing, and sure. It was the way he hoped his men would be. In his heart, he knew they would not disappoint him.

Nor, he thought, would the enemy disappoint him.

They were occupying Manila now, these strange men from a foreign land, and they had not wasted time in installing shore batteries to augment their powerful fleet. Intelligence had told the admiral that the enemy was aware of the American fleet. The enemy commander knew it was somewhere in these battle-strewn waters. But never would the enemy believe that

the hostile boats would have the audacity to enter a mined harbor at night, with forts on both sides, and perhaps the entire weight of a fleet waiting to receive.

Mad? The admiral smiled. Maybe lots of people thought so. But they were the people who didn't count, the brass hats in Washington, the arm-chair admirals, the politicians who sought a safe haven while braver men fought to save democracy.

Coffee over now, the admiral perused his maps. Already, faint flashes of light were streaking the sky. Word had come through that the enemy, at Cavite, had aligned its ships with the intention of compelling a standing fight.

There was an air of confident activity aboard the flagship now. The squadron was in enemy waters. The admiral spoke to his aide, who quietly withdrew. The next moment, the thrilling sound of battle stations resounded on every ship of the squadron.

The flagship swung into position, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*.

Day broke then with a resounding clatter. The enemy had observed the approach of the fleet it had supposed was miles away. Shells whistled and screamed a welcome to the new day.

But there was no returning fire from the American ships.

The admiral's officers watched his face anxiously as through the glasses his eyes scanned the battle formation of his charges. Too well, he knew the disadvantages of imperfect formation. Everything was going to be just so. It was a long chance, this one he was taking, but a gamble that would pay off. Once again, the admiral was proving the potency of the element of surprise. The enemy couldn't seem to find the range. On their decks, the admiral imagined, all was confusion. It would take time to straighten out.

He continued to watch his ships. And then, when they had been shelled, without effect, for a half hour, he put down his binoculars. He was smiling, but his eyes were grim, alight with battle.

His plan was ready now, and his words, when he spoke them, were to be historic, although he could not know that. He was seeing, in the face of the young officer to whom he spoke, the same eagerness he himself had felt many times at the moment of battle.

The young officer grinned, issued the order.

"Commence firing!"

The guns of the *Olympia* roared. The big flagship heeled, her pennons proudly flying in the early morning breeze; the Stars and Stripes waving gloriously, defiantly.

The flagship presented her side to the line of fire. Each ship in turn took up the refrain of the first salvo.

And now even the enemy knew what was about to take place. It was a naval manoeuvre calculated to bring hurried consultations, frantic efforts to

combat it.

At a range of five thousand yards, the Americans had opened fire. Now they were drawing closer, four thousand . . . three thousand . . . two thousand . . . The idiots, what were they doing?

On his deck, the enemy admiral gasped. Such a thing was incredible, unbelievable. It was unforeseen!

Like giant automatons, the American squadron was passing the enemy now and counter-marching in a line parallel to the hostile fleet! Too late, the enemy admiral tried to out-manoeuvre. He stared in dismay as it became plain that he had been outthought.

The American squadron was getting double duty out of its guns! The vessels were turning an alternate side in firing, enabling every battery to come into play in succession, thereby easing the strain on each. It was a thought that would come but once in a lifetime. But naval men would never forget it. For a waiting enemy, who had planned on a combat ship to ship, it spelled nothing but disaster!

And disaster it was as the American shells rained onto the enemy fleet! Panic-stricken, the enemy commander looked toward shore, where the batteries in occupied Manila had been active. Now, they were strangely silent. The commander had no way of knowing that the wily American admiral had sent a message to them that if the guns were not silenced the city of Manila would be shelled. A frightened Governor-General had hurriedly complied. His glasses had told him how the sea battle was faring.

It was now 11:16. The sun was high in the sky, but only penetration of the clouds of heavy smoke before it would attest its presence. The enemy flagship and almost the entire fleet were in flames. All hope was lost.

At 12:30 P. M., firing ceased. The action was over. The Americans had won.

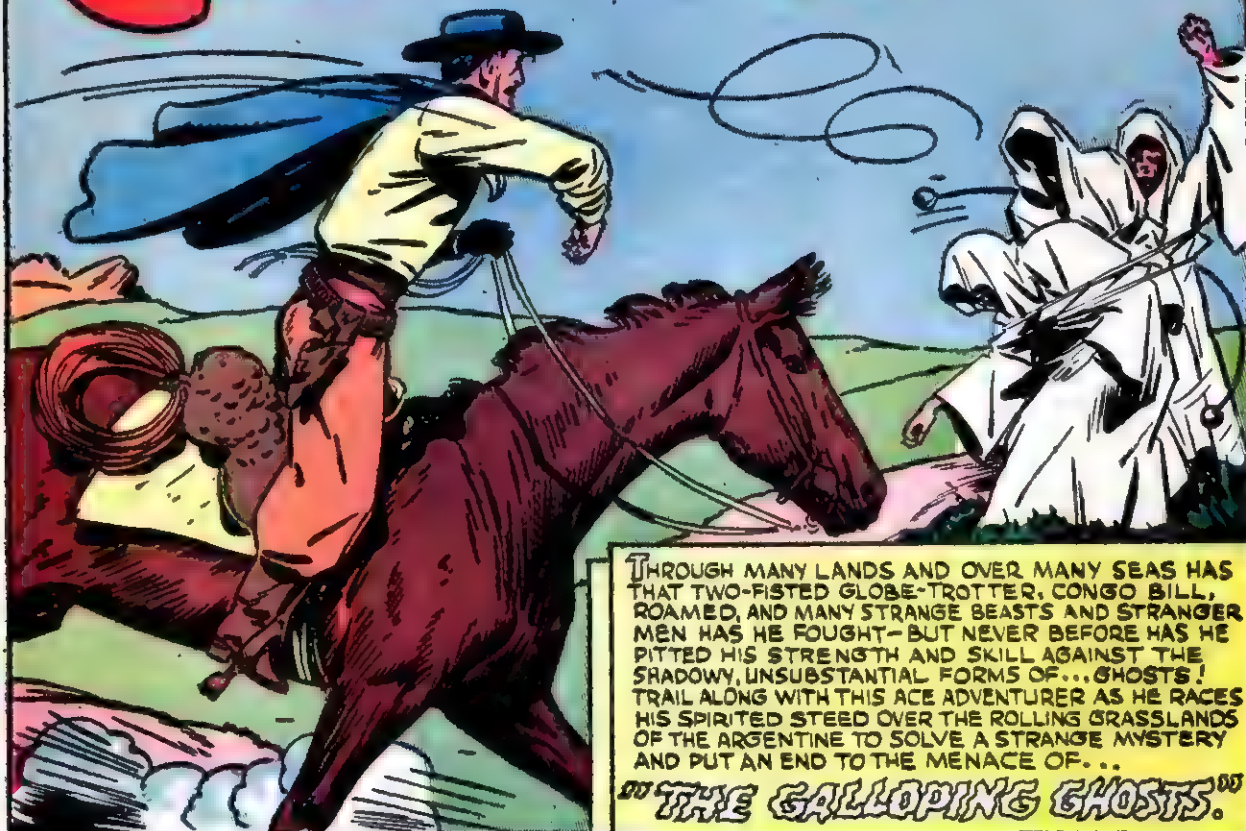
On board the *Olympia*, the admiral put down his glasses. There was nothing in his eyes to show the anxiety that had been his, the tautness of his nerves as he watched the destruction of the enemy. Everything had been executed according to plan. In his heart now was a warming sensation, for his ships and the men who manned them, officers and crew alike. Like true Americans, they had faced the fire and come through unscathed.

He was smiling as he watched one of his officers carrying out the mopping-up order. In a few minutes, the squadron would anchor off Manila. Then the men could rest. Everyone, the admiral knew, was tired. But not a man would admit it, least of all the young officer he liked so much. He looked over, caught the eyes of the young officer, who was smiling. The admiral grinned back. "I guess," he thought, "Gridley's glad it's over, too."

But he was wrong there. Gridley's thoughts were back on the bridge, before the battle. And he was hearing the soft voice of Admiral George Dewey saying, "You may fire when ready, Gridley!" And he was thinking he would never forget those words nor the thrill of them!

The End

CONGO BILL



THROUGH MANY LANDS AND OVER MANY SEAS HAS THAT TWO-FISTED GLOBE-TROTTER, CONGO BILL, ROAMED, AND MANY STRANGE BEASTS AND STRANGER MEN HAS HE FOUGHT—BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS HE PITTED HIS STRENGTH AND SKILL AGAINST THE SHADY, UNSUBSTANTIAL FORMS OF... GHOSTS! TRAIL ALONG WITH THIS ACE ADVENTURER AS HE RACES HIS SPIRITED STEED OVER THE ROLLING GRASSLANDS OF THE ARGENTINE TO SOLVE A STRANGE MYSTERY AND PUT AN END TO THE MENACE OF...

ON THE GALLOPING GHOSTS.

WASHINGTON, D.C... WHERE CONGO BILL, IN THE GARB OF CIVILIZATION, CONFERS WITH A HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL...

THIS IS HOW BURTON LOOKS! THE LAST TIME WE HEARD FROM HIM, HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT ON THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS! THEN... HE DISAPPEARED!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BURTON HAD DISCOVERED?

WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA! BUT OUR FAILURE TO HEAR FROM HIM CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING... HE'S DEAD!

PROBABLY, BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE! COLONEL, I ACCEPT THE ASSIGNMENT! I'LL TRACK DOWN THE RATS WHO GOT HIM!



AND SO IT IS THAT WEEKS LATER, ON THE FAMOUS SOUTH AMERICAN PAMPAS, A GAILY CLAD FIGURE HURLS AN UNERRING LARIAT...

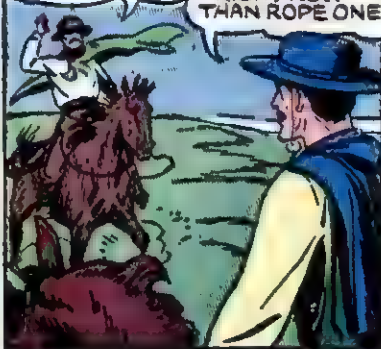
NOT BAD, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF! MY EXPERIENCE AS A COWBOY IS COMING IN HANDY!



YES, IT IS NONE OTHER THAN... CONGO BILL, KNOWN TO HIS GAUCHO FRIENDS AS MIGUEL!

COME, MIGUEL, IT IS TIME TO EAT! THE CATTLE CAN WAIT TO BE ROUNDED UP!

I DON'T HAVE TO BE COAXED PEDRO! I THINK I'D RATHER EAT A STEER RIGHT NOW THAN ROPE ONE!



AFTER A HEARTY MEAL, AS THE GAUCHOS STRUM THEIR GUITARS AROUND A CAMPFIRE...

TOMORROW WE DRIVE THE CATTLE TO NEW PASTURE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER! I HOPE YOU ARE NOT AFRAID, FERNANDO!

YES, AMIGO, I AM AFRAID! I FEAR, NO MAN, BUT I WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH GHOSTS!



THEY ARE THERE WAITING FOR US! I HAVE SEEN THEM MYSELF! IT IS BETTER TO TAKE THE CATTLE SOMEPLACE ELSE TO PASTURE!



GHOSTS, IS IT? I WONDER WHETHER THEY HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT AGENT WHO DISAPPEARED! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CATTLE THERE AND FIND OUT!



NEXT DAY, TOWARD DUSK...

LET US TURN BACK, AMIGOS, WHILE YET WE HAVE TIME!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, MIGUEL?

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! LET US KEEP ON!



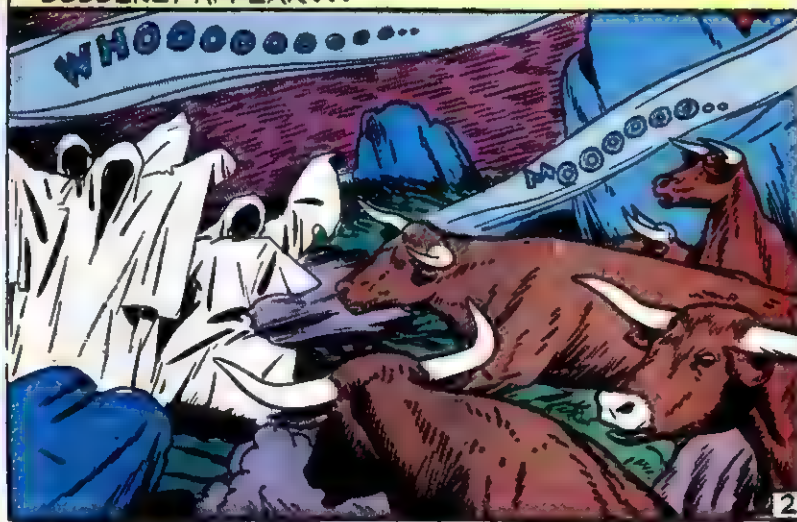
SUDDENLY... A LOW MOANING SOUND FILLS THE AIR!

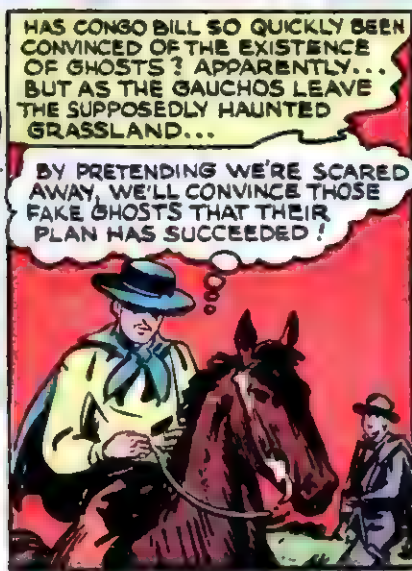
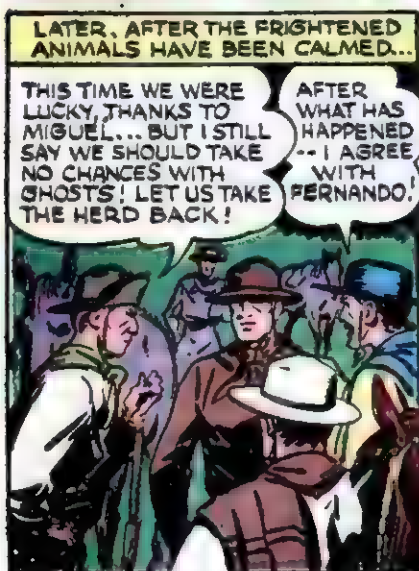
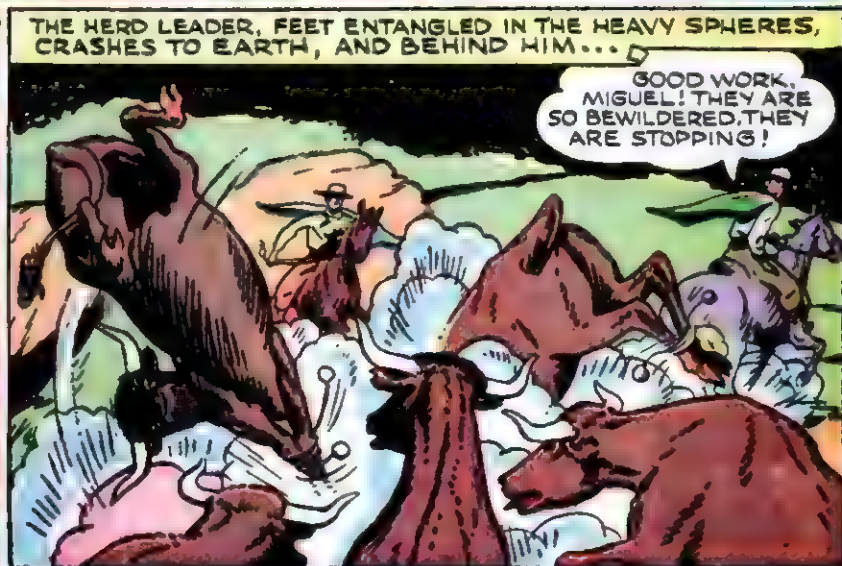
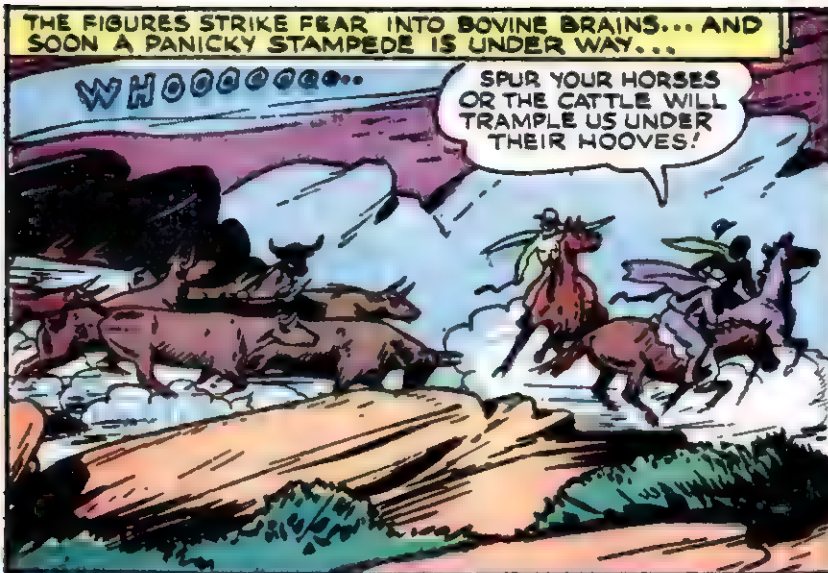
QUICK, LET US RUN! THEY ARE COMING AFTER US!

NOT SO FAST, FERNANDO...



IN FRONT OF THE MOVING HERD, THREE GHOSTLY FIGURES SUDDENLY APPEAR...





AT THE PLACE WHERE THE SPECTRAL FIGURES APPEARED...

THAT SIREN WAS USED TO MAKE A WAILING SOUND! AND HERE ARE FOOTPRINTS! I THINK I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE TRAILING!



AND HERE THEY MOUNTED HORSES AND GALLOPED AWAY! THEY'RE CERTAINLY PECULIAR GHOSTS!



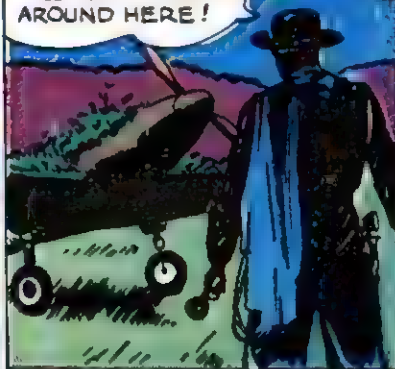
AS THE MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE REACHES THE TOP OF A LONG, GENTLE SLOPE...

AN AIRPORT! AND THE PLANES ARE CAMOUFLAGED! I'LL BET THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS!



MAKING HIS WAY FORWARD IN THE DARK...

JUST AS I THOUGHT—A NAZI PLANE! NO WONDER THEY SPREAD A RUMOR ABOUT GHOSTS! THEY DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE COMING AROUND HERE!



WITHOUT WARNING...

HERR CAPTAIN, COME QUICK! I HAVE CAUGHT A SPY!



WE MUST FIND OUT HOW MUCH HE KNOWS! IF HE HAS GOT WORD TO THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT... HIS AIRPORT IS FINISHED!

WE VILL QUESTION HIM VERY EFFICIENTLY, HERR CAPTAIN!



A BUCKET OF WATER REVIVES THE UNCONSCIOUS ADVENTURER...

HE IS WAKING UP! GOOT! ASK YOUR QUESTIONS!



...W-WHAT...

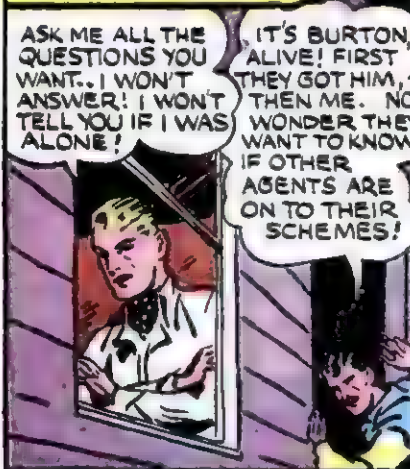
FERNANDO!

YES, YOU FOOL! I REALIZED YOU SUSPECTED SOMETHING WHEN YOU LEFT THE CAMP, AND I FOLLOWED YOU!





AS BILL DARTS INTO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS DOTTING THE GROUND NEAR THE AIRPORT...

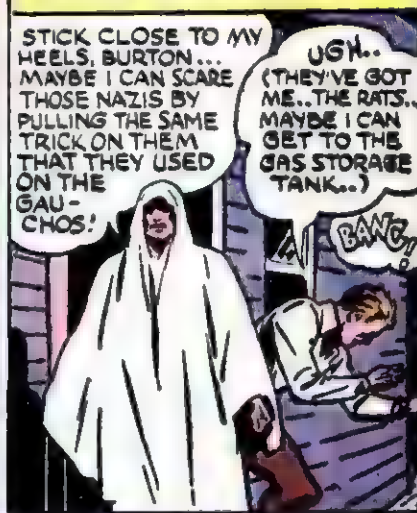


IT'S BURTON, ALIVE! FIRST THEY GOT HIM, THEN ME. NO WONDER THEY WANT TO KNOW IF OTHER AGENTS ARE ON TO THEIR SCHEMES!

A HASTILY AIMED BULLET SHATTERS THE LOCK...



OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, A SHOT RINGS OUT...

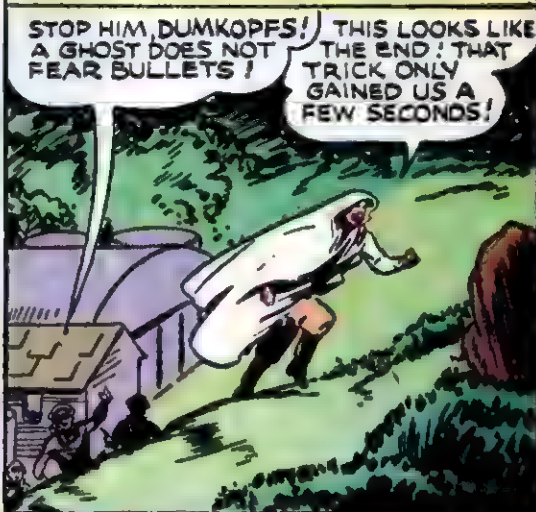


INTO THE DARKNESS STEPS A TERRIFYING FIGURE..

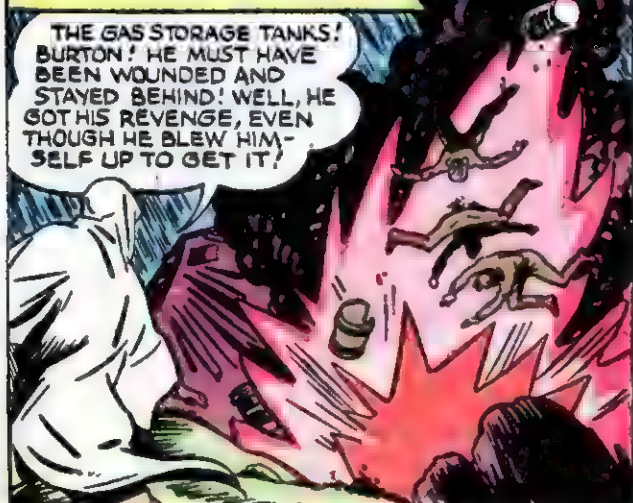


(THEY WON'T STAY SCARED LONG, BUT IT GIVES US A CHANCE TO GET AWAY)

UNAWARE THAT HIS COMPANION IS WOUNDED, CONGO BILL RACES FORWARD...



SUDDENLY, AS BILL RACES UP THE HILL LEADING FROM THE AIRPORT...



LATER...



FOLLOW THE MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE AS HE ROAMS THE FAR PLACES OF THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF ROUGH, TOUGH ADVENTURE .. AND FINDS IT IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF

ACTION COMICS!

GAGS

HENRY
BOOTH

NOW YOU GO UP ABOUT
2 MILES - AND THEN YOU
MAKE A RIGHT TURN...



I'VE GOT A BAD TOOTHACHE, BUT I'M
SCARED TO GO TO A DENTIST!

DR. ARTHUR
DENTIST

HAVE YOU A GOOD BOOK ON
HOW TO FISH?

LIBRARY

**BRAND
NEW!**

**FOR THE FIRST
TIME UNDER
ONE COVER!**

**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**

**ALL YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS
FROM 'ALL-AMERICAN, FLASH,
AND SENSATION COMICS!'**

96

**PAGES OF BRAND
NEW ADVENTURES OF**

**WONDER WOMAN, FLASH,
GREEN LANTERN,
GHOST PATROL, WILDCAT,
RED, WHITE and BLUE, SCRIBBLY,
BLACK PIRATE and MINUTE MOVIES!**



ZATARA

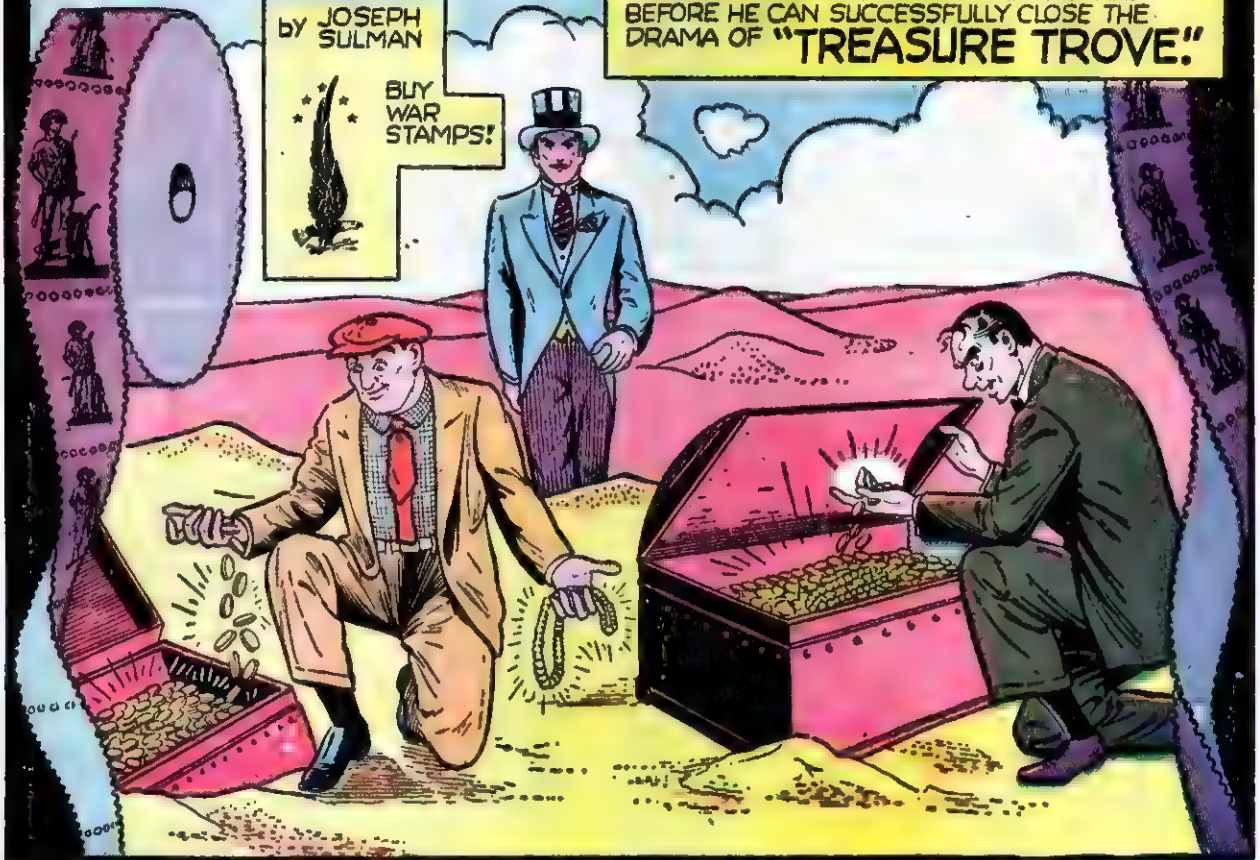
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

by JOSEPH
SULMAN

BUY
WAR
STAMPS!

FROM HIS SLEEVE AND OUT OF HIS TOP HAT
BEFORE HE CAN SUCCESSFULLY CLOSE THE
DRAMA OF "TREASURE TROVE!"

SUNKEN TREASURE AND GALLEONS
OF GOLD! YOU WOULDN'T THINK
THAT THEY COULD BE CONVERTED
INTO TANKS AND TOMMY-GUNS
TO FIGHT THE JAPANAZIS, BUT
MORE THAN ONE PERSON ATTEMPTS
TO RECOVER THE LOST GOLD IN THIS
ADVENTURE OF HIGH SEAS AND
G-NOTES, TOO. AND ZATARA MUST
PULL ALL THE WONDROUS TRICKS



THIS BOOK'S GOT THE
REAL INFORMATION
IN IT! WHY DIDN'T
I EVER THINK OF
IT BEFORE?

WHAT'S
THAT,
BART?

THE TREASURE OF THEM
OLD PIRATES! WHY CAN'T
WE GO AFTER IT OURSELVES?
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST
IT! WE GET ALL THAT
OLD TREASURE,
AND WE'RE
SET!

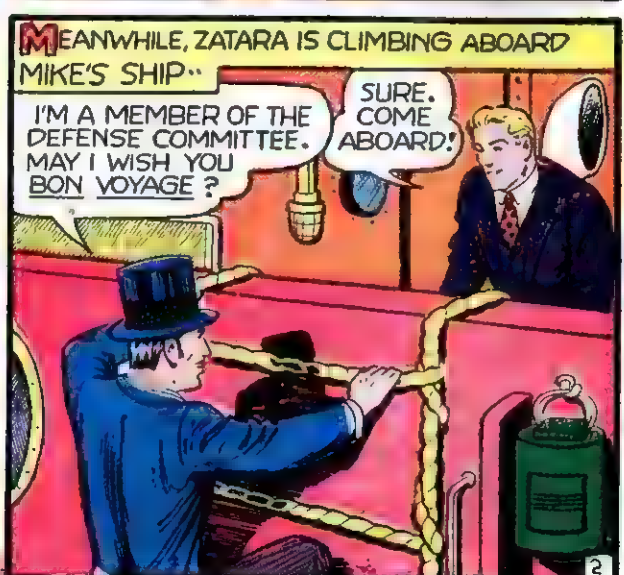
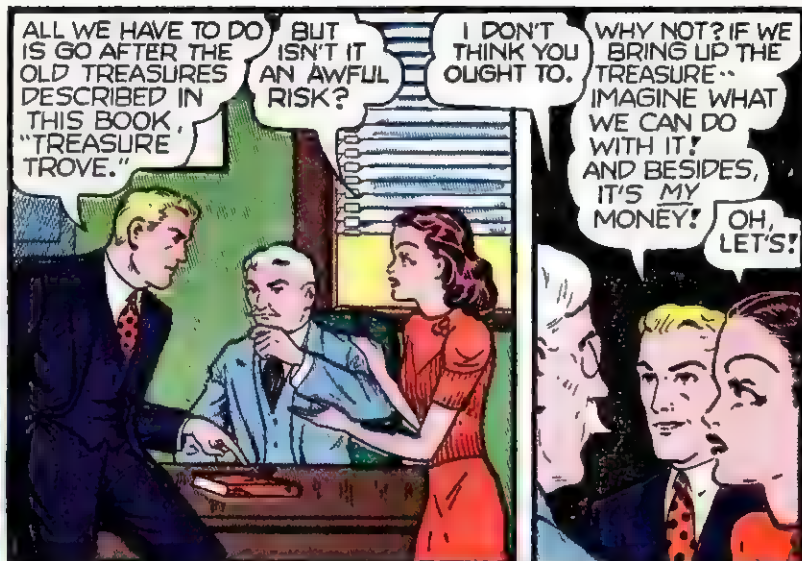
UNKNOWN TO BLACK BART, OTHERS
HAVE THAT SAME IDEA! IN THE
OFFICE OF THE GIBBSVILLE
DEFENSE COUNCIL...

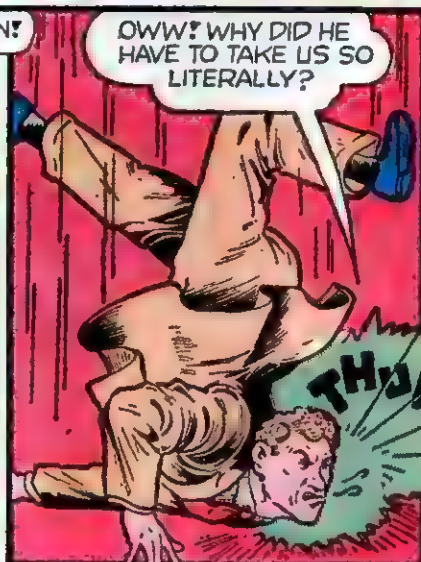
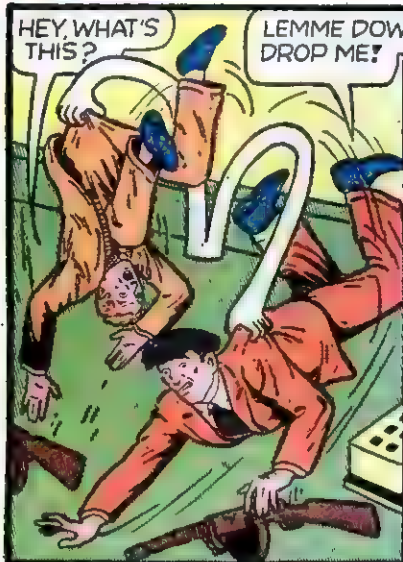
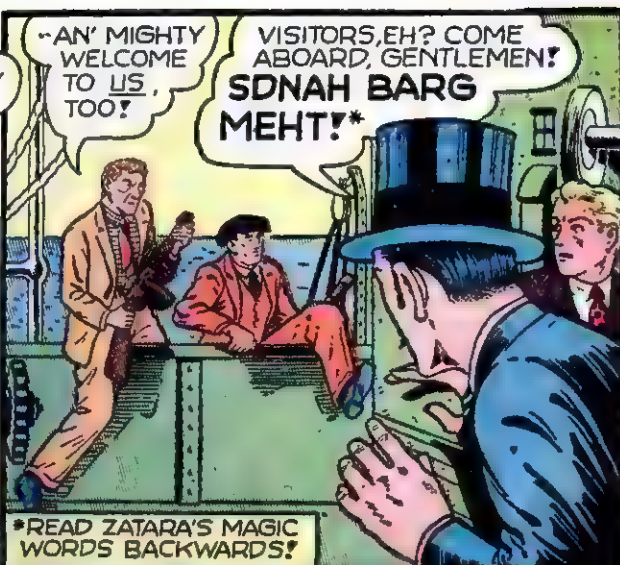
I PROMISED YOU
A THOUSAND DOLLARS
FOR YOUR DRIVE.
BUT I'VE
CHANGED
MY
MIND!

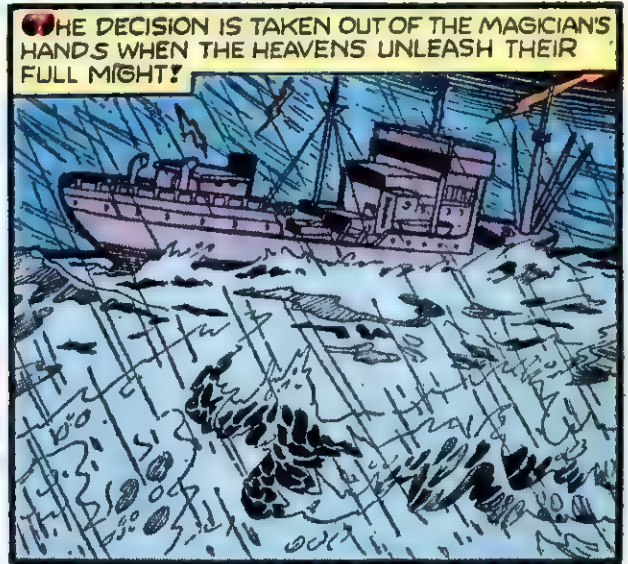
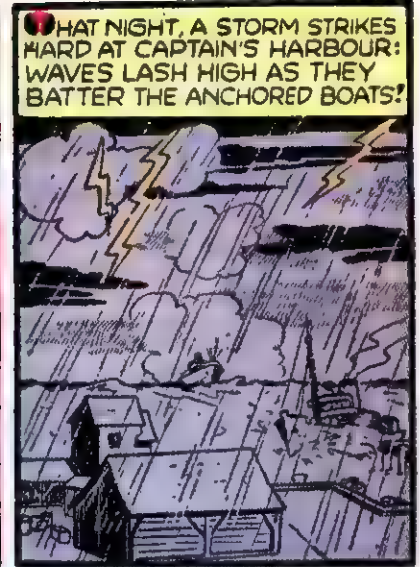
OH, MIKE!
THAT'S NOT
LIKE YOU!

WHAT
DO
YOU
MEAN?



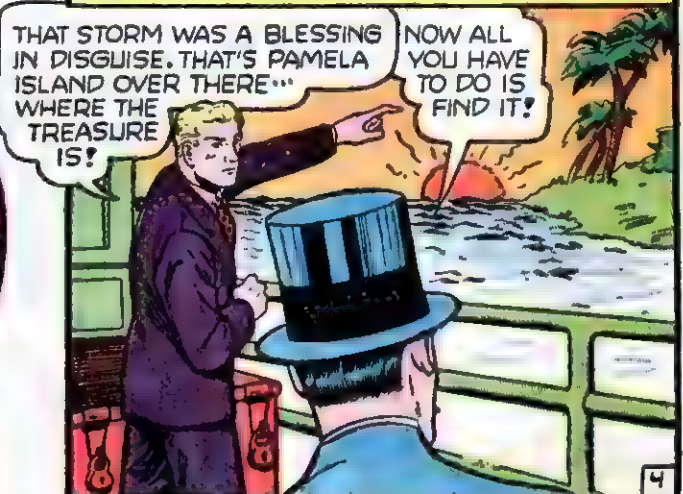
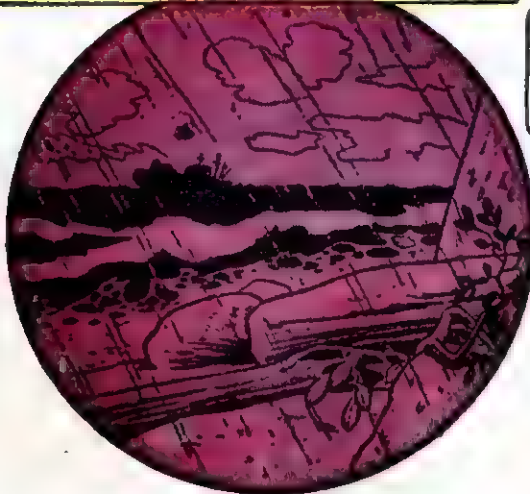


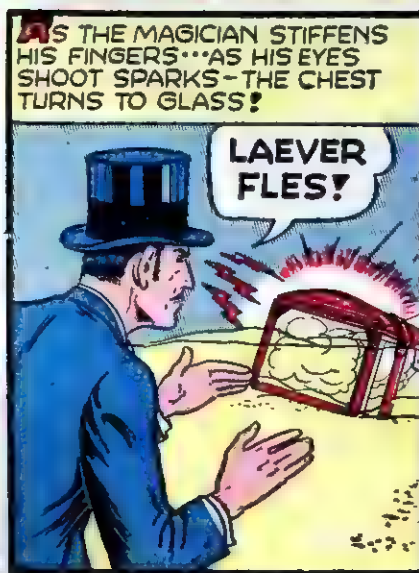
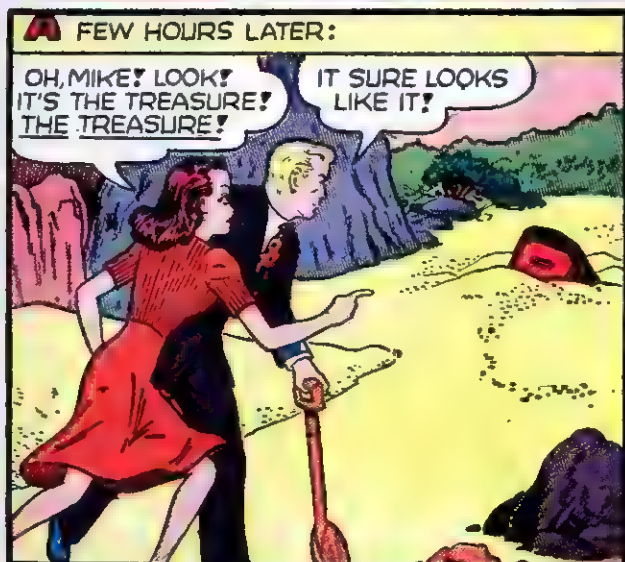
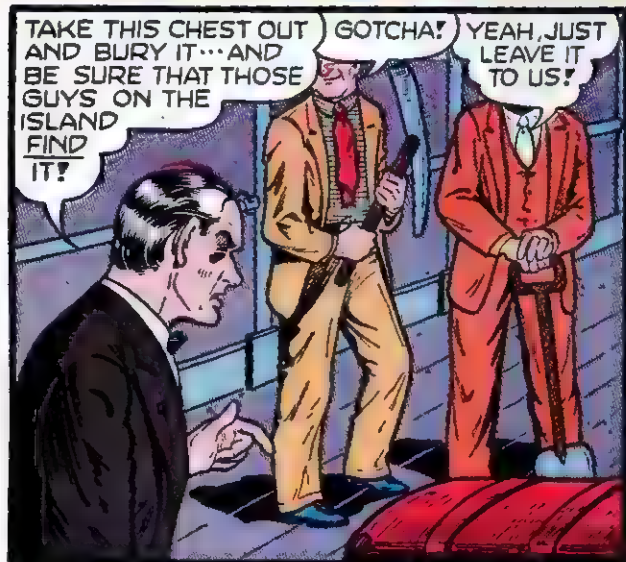
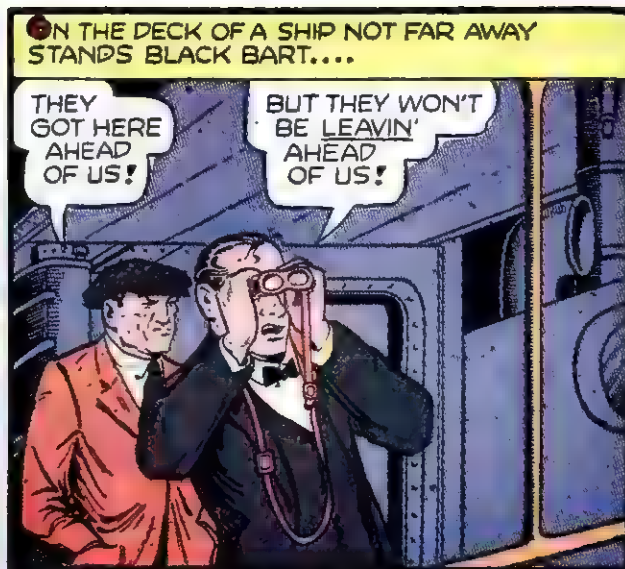
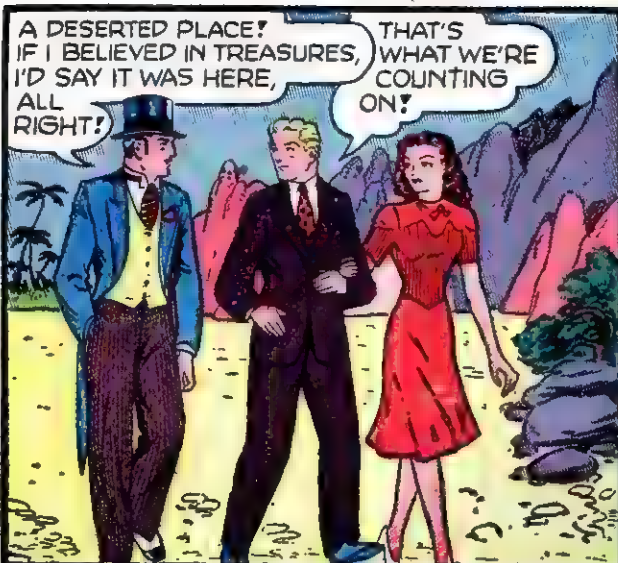


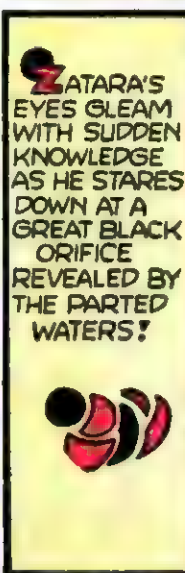
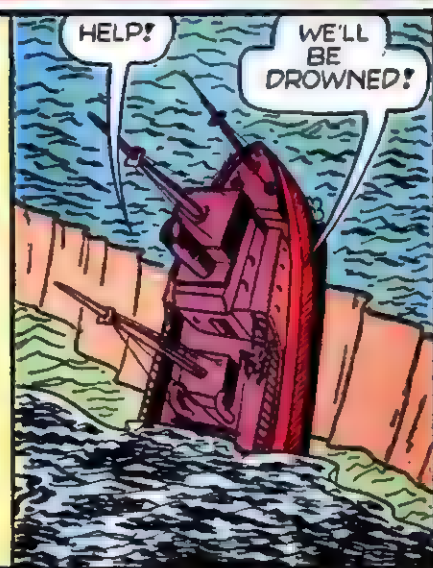
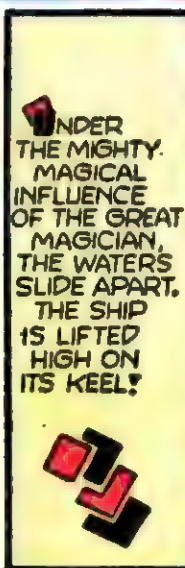
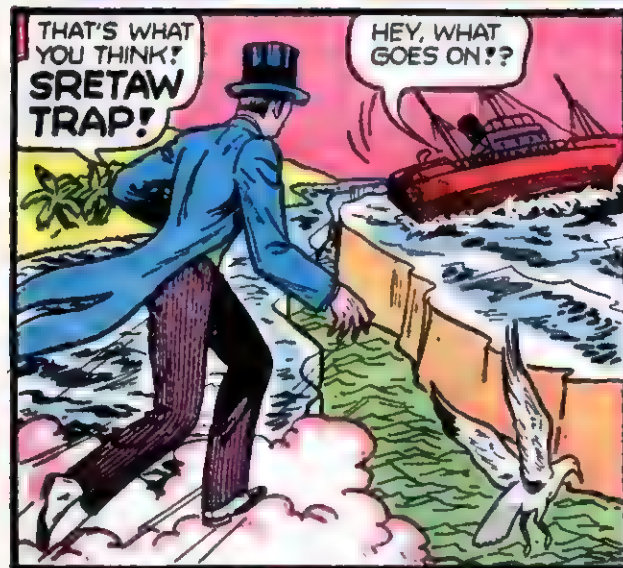


LIKE A FRIGHTENED GULL, THE SHIP FLIES BEFORE THE WINDS AND THE RAINS...

AND AS THE SUN RISES HOT AND BRIGHT, TWO DAYS LATER...









SRETAW
LLAF
KCAB OTNI
ECALP!



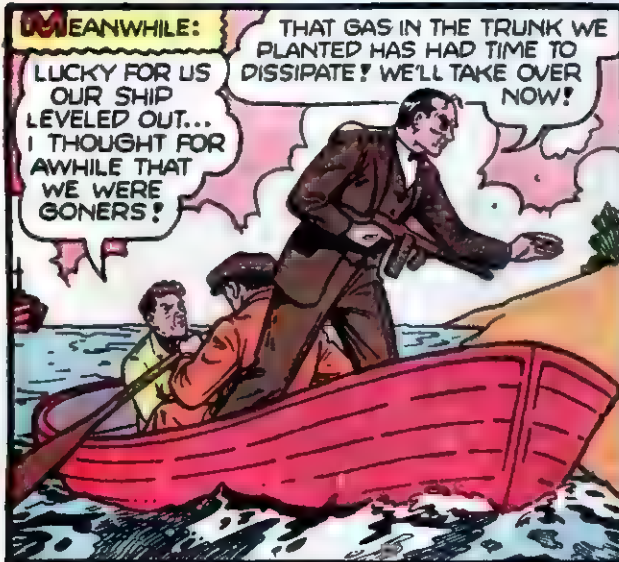
WALKING BENEATH THE WAVES,
THE MASTER MAGICIAN ENTERS
THE CAVE-MOUTH....

EHTAERB
RETAW!



IN THE UNDERWATER CAVERN
A MIGHTY TREASURE GLEAMS!

IT'S HERE, ALL RIGHT-AND
WHAT A LOT OF TANKS AND
PLANES AND GUNS
IT REPRESENTS!



MEANWHILE:

LUCKY FOR US
OUR SHIP
LEVELED OUT...
I THOUGHT FOR
AWHILE THAT
WE WERE
GONERS!

THAT GAS IN THE TRUNK WE
PLANTED HAS HAD TIME TO
DISSIPATE! WE'LL TAKE OVER
NOW!



WHAT'S
THIS?
THEY'RE
SAFE AND
SOUND!

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT!



OH-
LOOK!

WHAT'S
THE IDEA
OF THE
GUN?

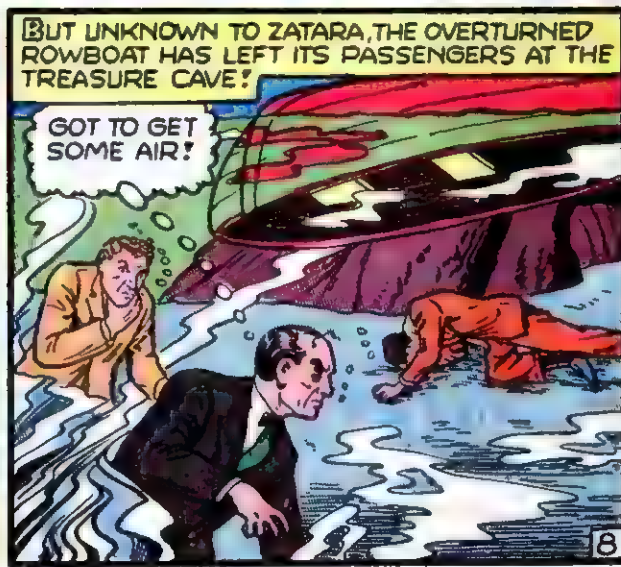
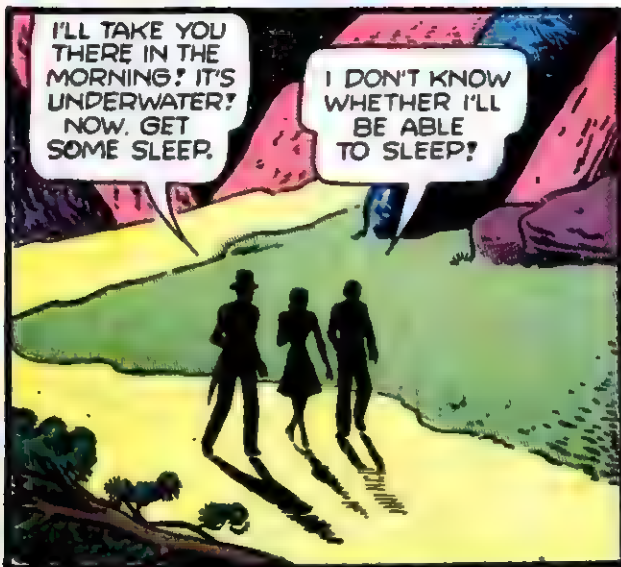
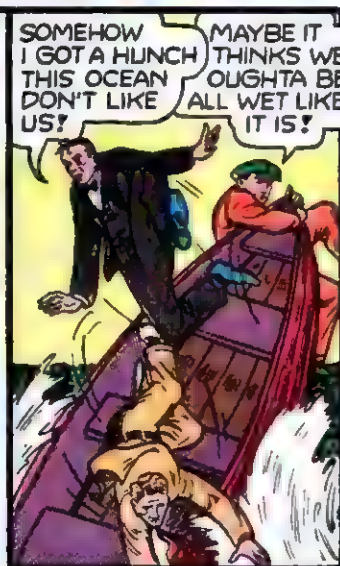
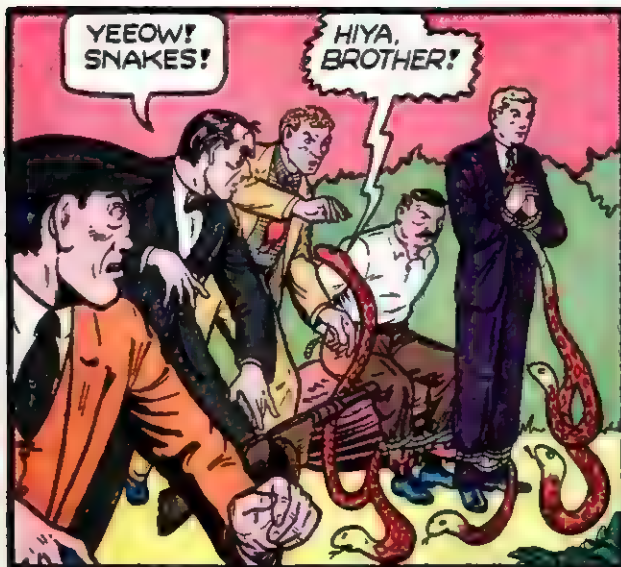
WE'RE AFTER
THAT GOLD
OURSELVES!



WITH YOU FOLKS
TIED UP THAT
TREASURE'LL BE
ALL MINE!

I WOULDN'T
BE TOO
SURE
OF THAT!

SEPOR EB
SEKANS!



AS BLACK BART AND HIS MEN CRAWL TO THE HIGHER PART OF THE CAVE, THEY FIND IT FREE OF WATER...



THE-THE TREASURE!

HEY, DO YOU GUYS SEE WHAT I SEE?

IT'S GOLD! YAHOO!

ALL MINE, MINE! THOSE OTHERS WILL NEVER FIND THIS! WE'LL HAVE IT HOISTED UP, AND GET AWAY BEFORE ANYBODY KNOWS WE FOUND IT!



AT DAWN, HAVING WORKED ALL NIGHT...

WE'RE ALL SET. NOW WE'LL HAVE THE CRANE LOWERED TO LIFT THEM!



IT CERTAINLY WAS. AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR IT! NUG EB YVAEH!



ZATARA! I'LL GET YOU-HEY!

HIS HAND STUCK TO HIS GUN, WHICH GROWS SO HEAVY HE CANNOT HOLD IT...BLACK BART IS FLOORED!



I GOT TO CUT DOWN ON MY DIET! I CAN'T STAND UP STRAIGHT!

WHAT HURTS ME MOST IS THAT WE DID ALL THE WORK GETTIN' THE CHESTS READY!



AND I THANK YOU FOR IT! TO PROVE IT... ESIR NI RETAW!

I'M GOING TO LET YOU RIDE HOME WITH US! AND WHEN WE GET THERE-YOU CAN GO TO A NICE, SAFE JAIL WHERE PEOPLE LIKE ME WON'T PLAY TRICKS ON YOU!



BOY, WHAT A BREAK!

I SHOULD HAVE STOOD AT HOME!



THE END...

G-NASHING the AXIS

Buy your stamps a dime at a time. Or a quarter, or even a dollar. Whoever you do won't hurt this system. Hitler's the one who'll holler.



Illustrated by G.D. Crockett. BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

© E. J. Flannery Corporation

DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



YES- I'M CONVINCED
THAT I CAN MAKE GOOD
MONEY IN RADIO.
I'M GOING TO START
TRAINING FOR RADIO
RIGHT NOW.



NO- NOT ME.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.

**BILL SAID
"YES"**
HE'S MAKING
GOOD MONEY
IN RADIO
NOW



THIS N.R.I. TRAINING
IS GREAT. AND THEY
SENT REAL RADIO
PARTS TO HELP
ME LEARN
QUICKLY

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED
BETTER.



I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO
ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND
I'M ALREADY MAKING
GOOD MONEY IN
MY SPARE
TIME

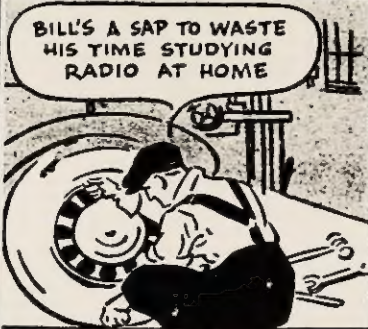
THANKS

OH BILL! I'M
SO PROUD OF
YOU, YOU'VE
GONE AHEAD
SO FAST IN
RADIO



YES! I'VE GOT A
GOOD JOB NOW AND
A REAL FUTURE.
THANKS TO
N.R.I. TRAINING

**TOM SAID
"NO"**
HE'S STILL
WAITING
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE
HIS TIME STUDYING
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --
SAME SKINNY PAY
ENVELOPE -- I'M
JUST WHERE I
WAS FIVE YEARS
AGO

GUESS I'M A
FAILURE --
LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEVER
GET ANYWHERE



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
A FAILURE, TOM.
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT.
WISHING AND WAITING
WON'T GET YOU
ANYWHERE

Train at Home - BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Now More Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 27 years

Radio and Public Address Systems. I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields right at home in your spare time. Mail the Coupon.

Radio offers beginners a quick way to more pay. There's room now in nearly every neighborhood for more spare and full time Radio Technicians.

Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA MONEY fixing Radios in spare time while learning. Many are opening their own shops ... making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others take good pay jobs as Radio Technicians and Operators with Radio Stations, Manufacturers, Aviation, Police, Commercial, Government

MY EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS

Help Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

My "50-50 Method"—half building circuits, experimenting with Radio parts I furnish, half studying my interesting, illustrated lessons—makes learning Radio at home intensely interesting. I give you Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment. I tell you how to conduct practical, fascinating experiments. I send you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn while you learn.

JOBBS LIKE THESE GO TO MANY MEN I TRAIN

The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Radio Stations employ many Radio Technicians, Operators. Radio Manufacturers, busy filling millions of dollars of Government orders, need trained men. Hundreds of Radio Operators and Technicians are

needed for good Civilian jobs with the Government. There is a shortage of good Radio Technicians in other Radio fields. And think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, etc., will open after the war!

FREE—My Valuable Book "RICH REWARDS IN RADIO"

If you're in a rut—dissatisfied with your present pay—worried because your job has no future—mail the coupon! I'll send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book. It shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating Radio jobs and tells how YOU can train at home. No obligation. Just mail the Coupon at once.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 3AB3
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AB3
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio."
(No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name

Address

City State



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Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Hundreds now in service are N. R. I. students. Also prepares for good Radio jobs, after service ends.



HIGH IN *ENERGY*

High-altitude fighters with blazing speed, and tremendous fire-power—that's the U. S. Army's Pursuit Planes. The highly developed engines of these dare-devils of the air burn fuel which is created into high-powered energy, for fast maneuvering to attack the enemy and get away at top speed!

DEXTROSE IS A HIGH ENERGY-FOOD!

Your body, like the airplane motor, burns fuel . . . fuel in the form of the food you eat . . . that is transformed into energy. Dextrose is one of the primary sugars utilized by the body to replenish used-up energy.

BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE!

Have more fun and more energy, too! Eat a Baby Ruth Candy Bar whenever you need an energy-boost to speed up your efforts. Its wholesome ingredients are rich in Dextrose to give you a delicious, nutritious treat. Baby Ruth tastes so good—it's so good for you!

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TELL MOTHER

to Make Tasty, Crunchy Cookies
with Baby Ruth Candy Bars.
Recipe on Every Wrapper.

RICH IN DEXTROSE
the sugar your body uses directly for
ENERGY!

SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN SERVICE!